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THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE REVIEW AT ALDERSHOTT, SATURDAY, JULY 9: BRECKNOCK AND BERKS MOUNTED INFANTRY MARCHING PAST.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE REVIEW AT ALDERSHOTT.

On Saturday last her Majesty, who had stayed the night before at the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, with Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Irene of Hesse, reviewed two Army Corps, nearly 60,000 men, regular troops and Volunteers, in the Long Valley. The Royal party included the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters and Prince George, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, the King of Saxony, the King of Greece, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and other Princes and Princesses. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, was present, with his staff, Lord Wolseley, Adjutant-General, and Sir Robert Biddulph, Quartermaster-General. The Duke of Cambridge read an address to her Majesty on behalf of the Army, congratulating her upon the fiftieth year of her reign. The Queen read a gracious reply, and the whole mass of troops gave three cheers, the infantry lifting their rifles and helmets into the air. They marched past the saluting flag and the Queen's carriage. The first Army Corps, under command of General Sir Archibald Alison, was in four divisions, commanded respectively by Major-General Philip Smith, Major-General Cooper, Major-General H. Buchanan, and Major-General Fremantle. These troops went past in the following order:—Cadets from Sandhurst Military Academy; the Coldstream Guards, Scots Guards, and Grenadier Guards;

Royal Artillery, commanded by Major-General Williams, comprised twelve field-batteries; they were followed by the Royal Engineers, under Colonel Harrison, the pontoon, telegraph, and field-park companies, and the transport companies, with their waggons. The march-past, which began at half-past eleven, ended at a quarter past two o'clock; about 58,500 men, with more than a hundred guns, had passed before the Queen. The cavalry and horse artillery, which had formed a long line on the ridge to the east, advanced at a gallop, and then halting, presented arms, the bands playing "God Save the Queen."



10th Hussars taking up position.

This concluded the review, and the Royal party moved off from the inclosure, amidst the cheers of the spectators. On arriving at the south end of the Long Valley, they found the infantry of the First Army Corps forming an avenue, through which the Royal procession passed, receiving salutes from each division, the massed bands playing the "National Anthem" as



Waiting for the Prince of Wales.

four battalions of Royal Marines; the Fusiliers, Northumberland, Inniskilling, Royal Irish, and Royal Munster; 1st Battalion Norfolk Regiment, 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment, 1st Northamptonshire, and 1st Manchester; 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers, 1st Royal Sussex, and 1st Middlesex Regiments; the Rifle Brigade, 1st and 2nd 60th Rifles, 1st Royal Irish, and 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, with Commissariat and Army Medical Corps; the Militia, 3rd Battalion of Royal West Surrey, 3rd Royal Fusiliers (Westminster Militia), 3rd Bedfordshire, and 3rd East Surrey; 4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 3rd Royal Berkshire (Berks Militia), and 7th King's Own Royal Rifles (Barnet Militia). The Second Army Corps, commanded by General Sir Evelyn Wood, was led by the Berks and the Brecknockshire Mounted Infantry Volunteers, and consisted of the 1st Hampshire and the Dorsetshire Volunteers; the two Sussex and two Kent brigades of Volunteers of the Cinque Ports Division; the Engineer Volunteers, 2nd Gloucester, 2nd Tower Hamlets, and 1st London Engineers; the Public Schools Cadet Company; the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps; the London Scottish, 5th and 12th Middlesex, the Artists' Corps, the London Irish, the Central London Rangers, with two Nordenfeldt guns; the London Rifle Brigade (with the Duke of Cambridge as honorary Colonel), detachments of the Volunteer battalions of the Royal Fusiliers (with Lord Wolseley as honorary Colonel); the 9th, 15th, and 21st Middlesex, the 1st Tower Hamlets, the 2nd Oxfordshire, 1st Wilts, 1st Bucks, 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the South Staffordshire, and 2nd of the Gloucester Regiment, 5th and 6th Lancashire, 1st Leicestershire, 1st Lincolnshire, 1st and 2nd Royal West Surrey, 2nd and 3rd Royal West Kent, 1st and 2nd Royal Sussex, 1st Cinque Ports, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Hampshire, 1st Dorset, 4th and 5th Hants, 1st and 2nd Herts, 1st Bedfordshire; 1st South Wales Borderers, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Battalions

the Queen drove to the Pavilion. After taking luncheon there, the Queen and most of the Royal party went to Windsor.

Her Majesty's reply to the address of the Army and Volunteers, above referred to, contained these sentences:—"I accept with pleasure this tribute of love and devotion. My Army, in any part of the world, has never failed to earn the



"You must keep behind the lines!"

gratitude of myself and of my people by its gallantry and self-devotion. I have no doubt that, should the occasion unfortunately arise, I can rely with equal confidence upon the co-operation of my Auxiliary Forces. When those who have died abroad for their country have left to our charge their widows



Arrival of the Prince of Wales.

of the same (with two goats preceding the brigade); 2nd Glamorgan, 4th Volunteer Battalion of Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 2nd of Somersetshire Light Infantry, 1st of Royal Berkshire Regiment, and the Volunteer battalions of the Essex Regiment. The whole of the infantry of the two Army Corps had passed, and General Sir Drury Lowe then led on the cavalry, preceded by the Horse Artillery, six batteries, under Lieut-Colonel Burnett. The Heavy Cavalry, under Colonel Sir Baker Russell, consisted of the 1st Life Guards, 2nd Life Guards, and Royal Horse Guards; and the 1st and 2nd Royal Dragoons. The Light Brigade, commanded by Colonel E. A. Wood, was composed of the 10th, 18th and 21st Hussars, 5th Lancers, Hants, Berks, and Oxfordshire Yeomanry. The brigade was led by the Prince of Wales, as honorary Colonel of the 10th Hussars, in which Prince Albert Victor is now serving. This regiment went by in open column of squadrons in perfect style to "God bless the Prince of Wales," Prince Albert Victor leading the second squadron; and the rear was brought up by the Nordenfeldt gun. The other three regiments went by in as good order; but the fluttering lance-pennons of the 5th and their picturesque uniforms and the long-established prestige of the 10th, won for them the largest share of applause. The

and orphans, I have always striven to convey to them in the name of their fellow-country men and women the expression of our deep sympathy. But however confident I may feel in the valour and endurance of my troops, there is no blessing which I at this season more earnestly ask of Almighty God to extend to my people during the remainder of my reign than that of peace."



Master of the Hounds.

THE COURT.

The Queen held a Court last week at Windsor Castle in the Green Drawing-room, at which her Majesty received in person deputations from several privileged bodies to present addresses to her Majesty. At the same time her Majesty received addresses mostly from Archbishops and Bishops. Sir William Brandford Griffith, K.C.M.G., presented an address from the Governor and Legislative Council of the Gold Coast Colony in West Africa. The Duchess of Marlborough, as acting President of the Executive Committee of the Ladies Grand Council of the Primrose League, had the honour of an audience of the Queen at Windsor Castle on Thursday to present to her Majesty a congratulatory address. The Queen laid the foundation-stone of the equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, in Windsor Great Park in the evening. Yesterday week the Queen, accompanied by several members of the Royal family and other distinguished personages, left Windsor for Aldershot, to take part in the review on Saturday. Her Majesty reviewed two army corps, consisting of 60,000 troops of all arms. (The brilliant spectacle is illustrated and described in the present issue.) The Queen returned to Windsor in the evening by special train, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and other members of the Royal family. On Sunday morning her Majesty drove to Frogmore, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse, and attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum. Divine service was afterwards performed at the private chapel at the Castle. The Royal dinner-party included the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princesses Victoria and Sophia of Prussia, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Princesses Louis of Battenberg and Irene of Hesse; the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady-in-Waiting to her Majesty; Countess Perponcher, Lady-in-Waiting to the Crown Princess of Germany; the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, General the Right Hon. and Lady Ponsonby, Count Seckendorff, Major Von Kessel, in attendance on the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany; the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson, and the Rev. Canon Duckworth. The Queen drove to Frogmore on Monday morning, accompanied by their Imperial and Royal Highnesses the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Irene of Hesse. The Indian officers who have attended the Queen on all public occasions connected with the celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee were received this day, previous to their leaving to rejoin their regiments in India. Mr. W. E. Lockhart had the honour of an audience, and submitted to the Queen his sketch of the picture commanded by her Majesty of the Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey. On Wednesday her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and other members of the Royal family, proceeded to Hatfield House, the seat of the Prime Minister; returning to Windsor in the evening. The Queen has forwarded £1000, through the Prince of Wales, to the Imperial Institute Fund. Her Majesty has presented medals commemorative of her Jubilee to the Court, Royal household, and servants. Those received by the members of the Royal family are struck in gold; the household being awarded silver, and the servants bronze, medals.

By command of the Queen a State ball was given on Wednesday week at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Royal guests, conducted by the Earl of Lathom (Lord Chamberlain), and attended by the great officers of State, the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes), and the ladies and gentlemen of the Household-in-Waiting, entered the saloon about eleven o'clock, when the dancing immediately commenced. The ball-room was well filled when the Royal procession entered, and the illustrious personages who composed it took their places on the raised dais at the west end facing the organ and the orchestra. The Prince of Wales led off with his sister, the Princess Royal, while the Princess took for her partner the King of Greece. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales yesterday week, and remained to luncheon. The Prince of Wales visited the King of Saxony and the Infante Antonio d'Orléans and the Infanta Eulalie of Spain in the afternoon. The Duke of Sparta, attended by the Greek Minister (M. Gennadius), Colonel Hadjipetros, and M. De Lüders, returned to Marlborough House from visiting Manchester and Liverpool. On Saturday morning the King of the Hellenes, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Sparta left Marlborough House for Aldershot, to be present at the review which the Queen held there. The King of the Hellenes and their Royal Highnesses lunched with her Majesty at the Royal Pavilion, and afterwards returned to London. The King of Saxony dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the evening the King of the Hellenes, the King of Saxony, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Sparta, Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, were present at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden. The King of the Hellenes, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princess Victoria, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Sparta were present at Divine service. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, went to Victoria Station to take leave of the King of Saxony on his Majesty's departure from England. The Duchess of Edinburgh visited the King of the Hellenes and the Prince and Princess of Wales in the afternoon. The King of the Hellenes, the Princess of Wales, and Princess Louise of Wales, witnessed the performance of "Lady Clancarty," at the St. James's Theatre, on Monday evening. The Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, left Marlborough House on a visit to Sir Matthew White Ridley at Blagdon, Northumberland, for the purpose of being present at the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and of visiting the Jubilee Exhibition at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The King of the Hellenes, the Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria visited Sir Oswald Brierly's Loan Exhibition of Pictures at the Pall-Mall Gallery. Prince Albert Victor has signified his willingness to visit Woodford to-day (Saturday) to lay the memorial-stone of the new schools to be erected by the Drapers' Company on the Manor House estate, Woodford Wells.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany and Prussia lunched with Count Hatzfeldt at the German Embassy, Carlton House-terrace, last Saturday. There were present to meet them the Marquis of Salisbury, Countess Olga Münster, Count Perponcher, Count Seckendorff, Major Von Kessel, Count Metternich, and Mr. A. Schmetsan.

It is announced in Tuesday's *Gazette* that, by order of the Queen, the Duke of Teck shall in future, upon all occasions whatsoever, be styled "his Highness." The Duke and Duchess and Princess Victoria witnessed the performance of "Ruddigore" at the Savoy Theatre on Tuesday evening.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Pastoral Plays are forthcoming in July: why not hold a Pastoral Parliament? The Prime Minister will readily admit it is far more agreeable to preside with Lady Salisbury at a Hatfield garden-party than to be cross-examined in Westminster regarding the dilatory diplomacy of the Sublime Porte. Mr. Gladstone would probably be equally willing to assist at a Witenagemote on the velvety lawn of Dollis-hill, Willesden, in lieu of vainly debating in the close and stuffy, dreary and debilitating House of Commons. Limp and over-heated legislators generally would assuredly welcome in these broiling "dog days" a summer session in the cool and umbrageous glade of a suburban wood—say, Epping Forest, where there yet remain some delightfully shady nooks known unto *Punch's* "Robert" and other gay rovers of the City of London.

As it is, Lords and Commons, seek as they may to find coolness in light summer attire, continue to stew in the unwholesome atmosphere of St. Stephen's. Mr. Gladstone, for one, wisely preserves his marvellous freshness and energy by sleeping each night, as intimated, in the fresh air of his temporary home in the north-western suburb of London. As Leader of the Opposition, the right hon. gentleman made good use of his unimpaired eloquence on the Seventh of July to move the rejection of the Irish Crimes Bill, which was uncalled for, he repeated, under the present condition of Ireland, and which unjustly aimed, he contended, to suppress legitimate association among Irishmen. It was strange to reflect that, whereas Mr. John Bright some twenty years ago, in one of the most earnest and impressive orations he ever delivered, used the same arguments when it fell to the lot of Mr. Gladstone, as the then Leader of the House, to press through an Irish "Coercion Bill" in one sitting, the veteran member for Birmingham now supports the Government Repression of Crime measure, and warmly condemns the present close alliance of Mr. Gladstone with the Parnellite Party. The Marquis of Hartington, as chief of the "Liberal Unionists" in the Commons, and main support of the Ministry, cordially approved of the Crimes Bill on the Eighth, when Sir William Harcourt anathematised it anew, and was vivaciously attacked in his turn by Mr. Goschen; the upshot being that the measure was read the third time by the diminished majority of 87—349 against 262.

Retiring to Dollis-hill, Mr. Gladstone was cheered on Saturday by the gift of a silver casket, subscribed for by ten thousand New York admirers in recognition of his efforts to bestow the boon of Home Rule upon Ireland. In justifying the sending of monetary help by the Irish in America to the Parnellite Party, Mr. Gladstone unhappily failed to take advantage of the occasion to denounce the murderous plots and actions of the American-Irish Dynamite faction, which is said to be hatching fresh outrages against public men in this country.

Lord Salisbury leniently chose not to use the giant's strength he undoubtedly possesses in the House of Lords on Monday. The Irish Criminal Law Amendment Bill having been formally read the first time on that day, it was the intention of the Ministry to move the second reading on Tuesday. But, yielding to the rational objections of Earl Granville and Lord Rosebery against such hasty procedure, the Prime Minister consented to put off the debate upon this much-discussed measure till Thursday. At the same sitting, an incident occurred showing the necessity of audible speaking on the part of their Lordships. The Marquis of Salisbury is noted, generally, for an admirably clear and distinct delivery; but the noble Marquis occasionally lapses into a low, conversational tone, which must be inaudible in the reporters' gallery. On Monday, Lord Rosebery raised a laugh by a pungent reference to Sir H. Drummond-Wolff's protracted negotiations with the Sultan; the noble Earl neatly inquiring, "Are we to understand that the British Plenipotentiary is in a state of suspended animation?" Lord Salisbury was reported to have replied with ready wit on the spur of the moment, eliciting a ripple of approving laughter in his turn:—"It would perhaps be more correct to say that he is in a state of animated expectancy." But on the morrow his Lordship disowned the soft impeachment, protesting that he was not guilty of so disrespectful an allusion to her Majesty's Ambassador. Surely, there is nothing disrespectful, however, in the phrase "animated expectancy" as said to have been employed? Be that as it may, there would be no necessity to seat an official reporter at the table, as suggested by the Premier, were Peers but to habitually raise their voices in order to make themselves heard by the diligent and patient stenographers who discharge the difficult task of reporting indistinct and sometimes mumbled speeches with signal accuracy and ability, and with a painstaking care unrecognised by the voluble statesmen whose reputations they materially help to make.

Mr. W. H. Smith and other Ministers on the Treasury bench of the Commons did not fail to congratulate the new Conservative member for North Paddington, Mr. John Aird, when he approached the table, under the guidance of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Seager Hunt, to take the oath and subscribe his name. There was a counter-demonstration from the Parnellite members when Mr. Arnold Morley and Mr. R. Reid escorted to the table the new Liberal member for Coventry, Mr. W. Ballantine, whose return for the seat vacated by Mr. Eaton (Lord Chylesmore), quickly following, as it did, Mr. Halley Stewart's success at Spalding, naturally somewhat encouraged the followers of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell. That the lesson of these Liberal victories has not been neglected by the Government was shown on Monday by Mr. Ritchie's notice of a Ministerial Bill to facilitate the provision of allotments for the labouring classes (an approach to the "three acres and a cow" promise, which should please Mr. Jesse Collings); and by the same right hon. gentleman's announcement of a Boundary Commission Bill, designed to pave the way for the extension of local self-government in England. The non-mention of Wales and Scotland by Mr. Ritchie afforded the sharp-witted Irish members scope for a few sarcastic queries. Coming to the remaining elections, I may mention that the balance of parties was not affected by the Dublin University election on Tuesday, Mr. Serjeant Madden merely taking the place of Mr. Holmes on his elevation to the Irish bench. The election for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow is of interest by reason of Sir George Trevelyan's candidature as a Gladstonian in opposition to Mr. Evelyn Ashley as a "Liberal Unionist." Mr. E. Selater-Booth, after patient slumbering on a back Ministerial bench, has been made a Peer. Hence a vacancy for the Basingstoke division of Hampshire, and the rival candidature of Mr. H. Jeffreys, Conservative, and Mr. R. Eve, a Gladstonian. Mr. Hubbard having likewise accepted a peerage, Mr. Thomas Charles Baring is in the field as Conservative "Unionist" candidate for the City of London, for which he "walks over." Hornsey, on the other hand, is enjoying a keen contest in the rivalry of Mr. H. C. Stephens, "Conservative Unionist," and Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the "Gladstonian Liberal"—a definition that saves words, however

much Mr. Gladstone may modestly deprecate its use. It should also be stated that Mr. Bolitho has been chosen unopposed as "Liberal Unionist" M.P. for St. Ives. No efforts are being spared at Brixton, on the one side, to secure the return of Mr. James Hill, "Gladstonian Liberal," and, on the other side, to make sure the election of Lord Carmarthen as the Conservative representative. All will acknowledge electioneering is hot work indeed in this broiling July. The use of carriages, by-the-way, for the conveyance of voters to ballot-places was obviously discouraged by the House on Monday, when by a small majority only—196 to 167—was Sir Wilfrid Lawson worsted on the motion condemnatory of the employment of Peers' carriages at the Paddington election.

The Irish Land Bill, introduced to the Commons on Monday by Mr. Balfour, met with general approval from Mr. Chamberlain, whose advice that the Bankruptcy clauses should be dropped will probably be acted upon by the Government. The measure was naturally condemned root and branch by Mr. Dillon; but, as Mr. T. W. Russell reasonably said, the House will surely do well to sift the chaff from the wheat, and sanction all that is good in the Bill, which was honestly intended by the Government to lessen the friction between landlords and tenants in Ireland, to promote good-will, and to prevent the recurrence of such inhuman occurrences as the Bodyke evictions.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.

The twenty-eighth yearly gathering of Volunteers, to compete, under the direction of the National Rifle Association, at the shooting-ranges on Wimbledon-common, opened its proceedings on Monday. There has of late been some talk of removing from Wimbledon the operations of this popular and highly useful institution, which contributes so much to increase the skill of a large part of the auxiliary military forces of the kingdom. Londoners would regret such a change; but, whatever may be proposed, and whatever may be resolved hereafter, the Volunteer encampment of this year is the same as it was twelve months ago; while no alteration has taken place at the ranges, except that there are additional facilities provided for revolver competitions. The prospects this year are unusually hopeful, the statistics indicating undiminished popularity. Prizes to the value of £15,500, being £500 in excess of any previous year, are shot for, and the number of entries, according to the first closing lists of the principal fixtures, shows an increase of 457. Teams from the Cape, India, and Canada compete for the Kolapore Cup. Canada is represented for the seventeenth year. Some members of the Hon. Artillery Company of Boston, an offshoot of the Hon. Artillery Company of London in years before American Independence, are visiting England, and appear at Wimbledon in their uniform. The Executive of the Wimbledon Committee this season consists of Lord Wantage, Earl Waldegrave, General Philip Smith, Colonel Sir H. Fletcher, M.P., Colonel Walrond, M.P., Major C. B. Waller, and Colonel Marsden. Captain St. John Mildmay is still discharging the duties of secretary.

A number of changes in well-known competitions may be mentioned. The old Volunteer Aggregate Series is now styled "The Hop Bitters Challenge Trophy," as the Hop Bitters Company has presented a splendid silver challenge trophy, with a thousand pounds, besides fifty guineas of added money to be shot for. The British and Victoria Cadets' Match has been instituted for the entertainment of some young visitors from the colony of Victoria. It is a contest between two teams of seven each, all members of which must be under nineteen years of age. The British team consists of the seven who make the highest scores for the Spencer Cup in the Public Schools' Match, if duly qualified as to age. The ranges are 200 and 500 yards, and the prize a challenge cup presented by the National Rifle Association. A new gift is offered by the *Standard*: a hundred guineas, divided into twenty prizes. For "The Army, Navy, Marines, and Militia" series, all ranks now compete together, not only for the Challenge Cup, but also for the money prizes, which amount in the aggregate to £300, and range in value from £20 to £3. The Wilmot this year is shot for under special conditions by a limited number of men from all the services. The Ranelagh Challenge Cup is a handsome trophy given, for the first time, this year, by the Memorial Committee. It forms an adjunct to the Battalion Sweepstakes, and will be held for a year by the battalion whose representatives make the highest team score for the Queen's Prize. The Corporation of the City of London prizes are not competed for separately, as last year, but are given in connection with the Grand Aggregate, and confined to Volunteers from India and the Colonies.

On Sunday, church parade was held in the South Middlesex Camp, the Rev. E. Ker Gray, LL.D., officiating. On Monday the shooting began, when in the long range competition between auxiliary officers and officers of the army, the former won by twelve points. The Humphrey Challenge Cup, in the Inter-University match, was won by Oxford, whose score was 71 points above that of Cambridge. The shooting for the long series of prizes known as the Alexandra, of the aggregate value of £1000, given by the National Rifle Association was proceeding during the whole day. The distances were 500 and 600 yards, and at each there were seven shots. The highest Alexandra Prize was won by Private Ward, 4th Devon, with an aggregate score of 68, only two points below the highest possible. Private Love, of the 1st Ayrshire, won the second prize in this series, with 64 points. The first stage of the competition for the Queen's Prize began on Tuesday, with 2450 entries. The competitors each fired seven shots at 200 yards, kneeling, at which, equal points, scoring 33 each, were made by Sergeant Welsley, 2nd Warwick; Corporal Rothon, 1st London; Sergeant Newman, 1st West Kent; Sapper Brotherton, 2nd Cheshire Engineers; Private Hunter, 1st Edinburgh; and Sergeant C. Wood, 3rd West York. The first stage includes further shooting at the 500 yards and 600 yards ranges; after which the three hundred who have scored highest begin the second stage of competition, at greater distances.

The Sketches that appear on another page will be regarded as an Artist's reminiscences of a few ordinary incidents which usually occur at these yearly Volunteer meetings on Wimbledon-common. The London Scottish, it is said, were threatened this year with being disturbed in the occupation of their accustomed camping-ground; they had been there several days in the preceding week, for separate practice, before the arrangements of the National Rifle Association came into force; and it seems that the Conservators of the Common, under an Act of Parliament, have general authority to prohibit the encampment of any corps remaining longer than three days. But they were enabled to return on Saturday, and took up their old position between the London Rifle Brigade and the 1st Surrey, though some loss and much inconvenience had been incurred. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that some of the gallant Scots may have consoled themselves with their favourite amusements in camp, while they never fail to gain a large share of the honours of the rifle competition. Whoever may be declared next week to be the winner of the Queen's Prize, the reporters will lose not a moment in telegraphing the news of his victory to the press all over Great Britain.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Crown Princess of Germany is signalling her stay in her native land by displaying here the same interest in all matters concerning the public good which her Imperial Highness has accustomed the people of Germany to expect from her enlightened philanthropy. The presence of the Princess Royal, who was accompanied by Princess Louise, at the meeting of the Teachers' Training and Registration Society last Friday, secured for it wide report, and is sure to advance the object involved. The purpose of the society is to provide for the formal training of teachers for girls' middle-class or secondary education. The society's training school has been carried on for some years in temporary premises, and it is hoped now that a permanent college may be built and established on a secure footing.

The immediate cause for the attempt to raise a fund for this purpose is a munificent gift, just made to the society, with that end, by Mrs. Salis-Schwabe. This noble-minded lady, now no longer young, has devoted the greater part of her life to aiding education. For a quarter of a century she has entirely supported, by her own fortune and her personal efforts, a public school at Naples, which she first established at a time when priestly domination rendered the work one of the greatest possible difficulty. After all these years of effort, the Italian Government has at length adopted the charge of the school, and so sets Mrs. Salis-Schwabe's money free for other good objects. She has selected this one of the training of teachers for middle-class schools for girls. It would have been impossible for her to have chosen better. The poor are provided with trained teachers at the public expense; and the rich can provide for themselves; but the great middle-class is in urgent want of aid, and especially of the better organisation of the educational arrangements connected with it. The improvement and better arrangement of secondary education, especially that of girls, is indeed the great need of the day in the educational world. Mrs. Salis-Schwabe's generous gift may give an effective impetus to the movement in this direction.

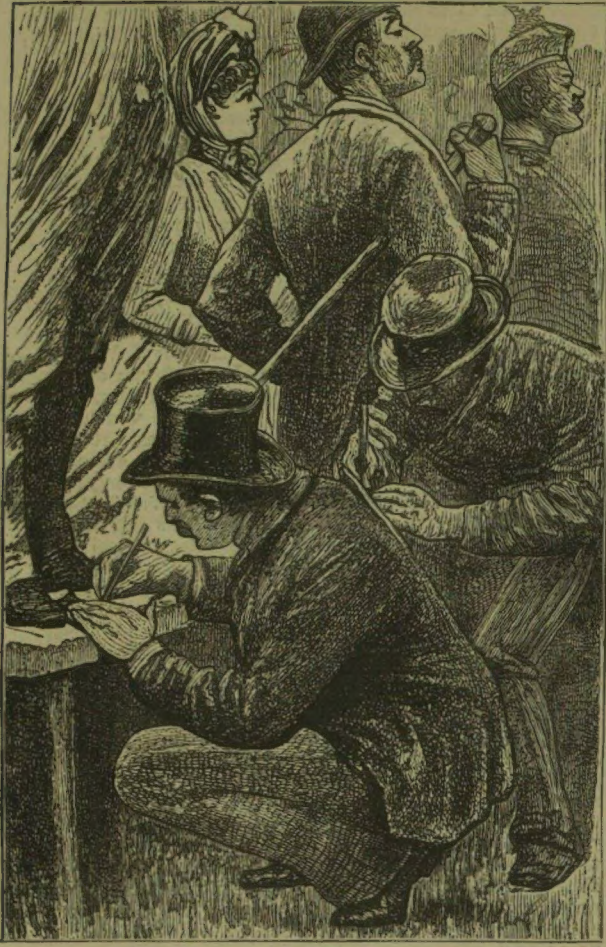
But the first principles of what the education of the young should be are yet but poorly understood, even by many of those who are professedly (as the modern slang has it) "educationists." Mrs. Schwabe has required that the college to which she has given her funds shall "work on the lines of Froebel and William Ellis"; and the resolution, which was proposed by Earl Granville, of thanks to the Princesses for their presence, accordingly introduced these two names. Yet how many, even amongst teachers and "educationists," would be obliged to say that they know nothing of William Ellis and his work! In one of the last weeks of his life, Mr. Ellis himself said to me that he felt that he had accomplished nothing. It was with no wounded vanity that he spoke; never was a benefactor of the human race more free from all taint of egotism than he. His words were a reflection on the purely literary substance and mechanical method of the established system of public elementary education. It was against these faults in the training of the young that he had untiringly laboured; spending a quarter of a million of his money and untiring personal exertions on endeavouring to show forth the better way. His aim was to teach children the facts of social life, the life in which they must soon take part; beginning with simple object-lessons to very young scholars, and rising to a consideration in the upper classes of every school of those moral and social obligations which are imposed on us all by the unalterable facts of man's nature and circumstances. His method was, by a system of question and answer, to compel the children to think out the truth about the social economy for themselves, aided by their teachers, instead of not learning about it at all, or merely learning it by rote, which amounts to not learning it at all. In fact, his method was the Socratic one, and his object may be given in the words of one of his own titlepages: it was to lead children to ask themselves—"What am I? Where am I? What ought I to do? How am I to become qualified and disposed to do what I ought?" It is not too much to say that nearly every child of every grade who leaves school to enter on life at the present time does so without having had these questions rationally brought before his attention.

Mr. Ellis, personally, had the honour of giving a course of lessons in Social Economy to her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess, in her childhood, in company with the Prince of Wales and the late Princess Alice. That those lessons were valued by, at least, the eldest pupil may be taken to be shown by her Royal Highness's presence at the meeting "for helping an institution which works on the lines of Froebel and William Ellis." As regards the teacher's reminiscences, Mr. Ellis himself told me that he was much struck with the ability of the Princess Royal, then a girl of about fourteen years of age; his method of teaching, by question and answer, being one which allowed him to form a very good judgment of the intellect and reasoning power of the scholar. As Mr. Ellis was not a professional teacher, he could not take a fee from her Majesty for his services; but the Queen and the Prince Consort requested his acceptance of a massive silver inkstand in memory of his course of lessons to their children.

The vegetarians industriously carry on their missionary work by the agreeable means of giving dinners, with the menu provided exclusively from the vegetable kingdom, to select companies of influential persons. Lady Mount-Temple has consented to preside over a special dinner to ladies, who, whether personally or philanthropically, may be willing to be instructed in the question of how to live without meat, "on the most wholesome, inexpensive, and truly enjoyable food provided by fruits and grains." The host of the occasion is A. F. Hills, Esq., the chairman of committee of the Vegetarian Society, and he will send any lady an invitation who forwards an addressed envelope, with a request for a ticket, to the Secretary, 62, Ludgate-hill. The date is Wednesday next, and the place, that beautiful Queen's Hall at Mile-end, recently opened by her Majesty. The hall itself is worth a visit, and the occasion promises to be interesting. There will be room for about five hundred guests. Of course, the visitors are not in any way pledged to vegetarianism by their attendance; but they will be expected to listen to speeches advocating the system.

The Jubilee has made itself felt even in decorations for the dinner-table. Nothing but roses are in fashion this season; and the colours, to be correct, must be either deep crimson or white—the red and white roses of English history. The old cabbage form is not much patronised, but the good old deep crimson, which used to be considered the special prerogative in colour of that variety, is now seen in the full-leaved and deep-hearted shapes which modern culture prefers. It has been but a poor season for roses, unfortunately. Nevertheless, this flower has appeared in profusion on all dinner-tables where fashion is considered. A beautiful effect is obtained by embedding the stems in moss, so as to form a bank, around a central epergne; the red being massed together and separated by similar masses of white. A simpler method of treatment is to lay the flowers, stems showing, as though carelessly strewn over the cloth.

REMINISCENCES OF WIMBLEDON.



REPORTERS SENDING OFF TELEGRAMS.



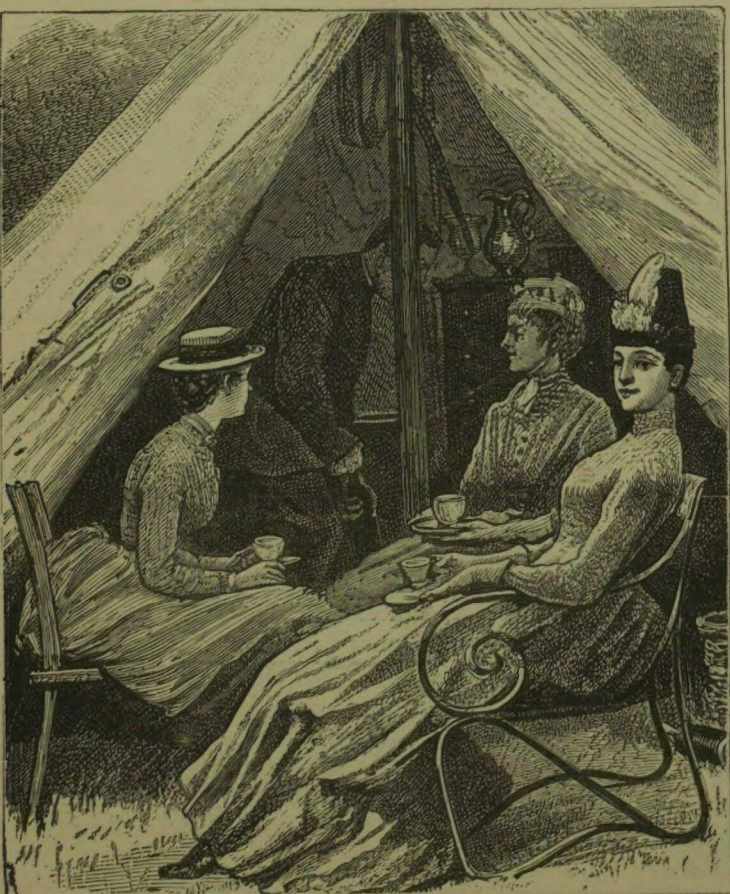
AT THE RANGES.



SHOOTING FOR THE ELCHO CHALLENGE SHIELD.



WHAT BROWN SAW OF THE SHOOTING.



AFTERNOON CALLERS.



AMUSEMENTS IN CAMP.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"Any more?" cried the Bantam. Jeremiah remained on the ground, and did not attempt to rise.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIP," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. PAMFLETT RECOMMENDS A NEW CLERK TO THE MISER.

Long before this Tom Barley had grown to manhood's estate: the only estate of which he was owner and was ever likely to possess. But, although he had no landed property of his own to look after, he had an object in life. He conceived it to be his particular privilege to protect Phoebe, to run of her errands, and to be in a general way her willing and cheerful slave. Had he been able to intelligently and logically express himself upon the point in the early years of his connection with Miser Farebrother, it would have been ascertained that he founded his position upon the facts that he had held Phoebe in his arms upon her first introduction to Parkside, that he had been smiled upon by her mother, that he had attended the poor lady's funeral as an important and very genuine mourner, and that, besides, he was in the service of Miser Farebrother, who had promised to make his fortune. Later on these unexpressed motives were merged into an absorbing devotion for the young girl, for whom he grew to entertain a kind of worship which removed her from his estimate of the ordinary mortal. A rough-and-ready knight he, ready to sacrifice himself at any moment for the queen of his idolatry. She, it must be confessed, received his homage very willingly, and as though it were rightly her due, and, unconsciously to herself, she richly repaid him for his services: by allowing him to initiate her into woodland wonders with which he had made himself familiar, by constant smiles and bright looks, by accepting the assistance of his hands when she crossed tumble-down stiles, and in a hundred other general ways of faith and belief in him which were a finer reward to Tom Barley than money could have been. Of this latter commodity he had little enough. The twopence a week which Miser Farebrother paid him was all he ever received from his employer, in addition to scraps of food from the kitchen upon which he managed to subsist. But, living in civilised society, clothing was a prescribed necessity, and was not to be obtained upon eight-and-eightpence a year. Tom dropped a hint or two, but Miser Farebrother was oblivious, and callous to the peeping of flesh through tatters.

"You extravagant dog," he said, "I did not undertake to clothe you. Look at me: I can't afford fine new clothes. Go and hang about the village, when you've nothing to do here, and look for an odd job. That's the way to earn honest pennies. Many a millionaire began with less. And, Tom," he added, "when you've saved a few shillings, I dare say I can find an old pair of trousers that I'll sell you cheap."

Tom profited by the suggestion, and in a little while found the way to earn a good many honest pennies. Miser Farebrother fished out of his scanty wardrobe some tattered garments, which he disposed of to Tom, and it was then that the lad exhibited himself in a new character, which drove the miser to desperation. He bargained with his master, and beat him down to the last penny; Tom was not devoid of shrewdness, and he was beginning to understand the miser.

"If every man was as generous as I am," grumbled Miser Farebrother, at the conclusion of their first barter, "he'd soon be on the road to ruin."

"They're full of holes," said Tom, turning the clothes over and examining them ruefully. The miser would not allow

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him to handle them until the bargain was completed, and the money safe in his pocket: "look here and here!"

"Look here and here, you dog!" retorted Miser Farebrother: "do I charge you anything for their being too big for you? Can't you cut off the bottoms of the trousers, and patch the knees with the extra bits? You ought to give the pieces back to me; but I make you a present of them."

Tom was quick enough at taking a hint. Being thrown upon his own resources, and imbued with the cheerfulness of spirits, he soon became proficient with the needle, and, by patching here and darning there, managed to maintain a tolerably decent appearance. He might have done better, had he not been afflicted by an insatiable hunger for brandy-balls, which, at three a penny, was a temptation not to be resisted whenever he had a copper to spare. To see him rolling one in his mouth was a picture of unalloyed bliss.

Mrs. Pamflett and he were not good friends, and an incident which will be presently related did not dispose them more favourably to each other. He was more fortunate with Mrs. Lethbridge. This good-hearted woman had noticed his unselfish devotion to Phoebe, and he won her favour thereby. Many a small silver bit found its way from her pocket to his; and more than once she bore with her to Parkside a little parcel containing a waistcoat, or an undershirt, or a couple of pairs of socks, which had served their time at home, but which were not so utterly worn out as not to be useful to Tom. He was very grateful for these gifts, and showed his appreciation of them by forcing a brandy-ball upon her now and then. She went further. Impressed by Phoebe's constant praise of the young fellow, and recognising that the girl had near her, when she was absent, a staunch and faithful champion, ever ready to protect and defend her, she took Tom Barley into her confidence.

"Can you read, Tom?" she asked.

"Yes, lady," he replied. "Square letters—not round uns. And I can write 'em."

Thereupon Mrs. Lethbridge wrote her name and address in Camden Town on a piece of paper, in square letters; and Tom spent them aloud.

"Keep this by you," said Mrs. Lethbridge; "and if ever anything happens to Miss Farebrother, and you don't know what to do, come for me at once. Here's a two-shilling piece. You must not spend it; you must put it carefully away, in case you need it for this special purpose. The railway fare to London and back is eighteenpence; an omnibus will bring you very near to my house for threepence. You understand?"

"I understand, lady. But trust me for taking care of Miss Phoebe."

"I do, Tom; but something we don't think of just now might happen, and Miss Phoebe might want you to come for me. Or you might think, 'I wish Miss Phoebe had somebody with her who feels like a mother to her, and who loves her very tenderly.'"

"So do I, lady," said Tom, in an earnest tone. "I'll do as you tell me. You can trust me."

"I know it, Tom, and so does Miss Phoebe. She says she doesn't know what she should do without you."

"I shouldn't know what to do without her," said Tom, feeling very proud. That he was trusted, and that his young mistress valued his services, gave him a feeling of self-respect.

From that day he became more than ever Phoebe's faithful knight, and it was when Phoebe was twelve years of age that the incident occurred, springing out of his championship of the little maid, which increased Mrs. Pamflett's aversion to him. Tom at that time was twenty-four, and had grown into a long

lean man, looking two or three inches taller than he really was because of his extreme lankiness. His coats and trousers were now always too short for his arms and legs, and he was remarkable for a lavish protuberance and exhibition of bone. He was very strong, and was noted as a fleet runner; he could start off at a rapid swinging gait, and keep his wind and pace for hours. This accomplishment had brought grit to his mill on several occasions, when he was backed by a sporting publican against men who had an opinion of themselves as fast runners. "Five shillings if you win, Tom," said the sporting publican, "and nothing if you lose." This was a sufficient incentive, and Tom invariably won, to the satisfaction of most of the onlookers, for he was a favourite with all who knew him. Ungainly and plain of feature as he was, he had even on his face an expression of pleasant humour which compelled people to take a liking for him at first sight. He was, indeed, the soul of good nature and kindness, and there was not a dog or a bird in the village with which he was not on terms of friendship. Such a man, though patches were his coat of arms, could scarcely fail to be a favourite. He had weaknesses, but no vices; his taste for brandy-balls rather increased than diminished with his years, and though temptations to drink were frequently thrown out to him he was never known to touch a glass of liquor. Not at all a bad sort of fellow, this Tom Barley, and a very handy man to look after our little heroine.

One of his weaknesses was a fondness for all kinds of street shows, most especially for "Punch and Judy," at which he would stand and gaze and laugh with the heartiness of a boy. A capital ladder was he for small children, whom he would hoist to his shoulders in order that they might have a good view of the show, and his kindly nature would always gravitate to the weakest and smallest of the eager throng. It was during a representation of this immortal tragical comedy that a new acquaintance was made by Tom Barley and his young mistress. The meeting became historical, by force of exciting detail and vivid colour, and one small boy was covered with glory. It is opportunity that creates heroes.

To commence at the commencement, it was on this day revealed to Phoebe and Tom that Mrs. Pamflett had a son. She had never spoken of him to them, and when he made his first appearance at Parkside they were absent in the village. His mission at Parkside was the opening of a career.

Miser Farebrother had an office in London, in which he transacted the greater portion of his business. It was his habit to go to London every morning and return every evening. He had a third class annual ticket, every fresh renewal of which drove daggers into his heart. A clerk who had starved in his employment had suddenly taken courage and left him, impressed by the idea that he could starve more agreeably in another situation; for Miser Farebrother not only paid the smallest of wages, but he was a bully and a tyrant to those who were dependent upon him. On the evening before the day on which the historical events about to be recorded took place a violent altercation had occurred between Miser Farebrother and his slave of a clerk, and the man, suddenly jumping from his stool, flung down his pen, took his hat from the peg, damned Miser Farebrother, and left the office, to which he swore he would never return. Miser Farebrother was very much astonished; the man had been useful and had grown into his ways, and he had so brow-beaten and oppressed him that he did not think a particle of spirit was left in the drudge. And all at once, here he was in a state of rebellion.

"You'll die in a ditch!" he called after the man.

There were crumbs of comfort, however, in the act which

caused Miser Farebrother to rub his hands with satisfaction. His clerk had left on a Thursday: four days' wages saved.

"If he dares to ask for them," said Miser Farebrother, "I'll sue him for damages. The threat will frighten the life out of his miserable, beggarly body."

There were confidences between the miser and Mrs. Pamflett, and when he returned to Parkside he related to her what had occurred.

"You will want a new clerk," she said. "Take Jeremiah." Miser Farebrother put his right hand up to his chin, and repeated musingly, "Take Jeremiah."

"You couldn't do better," said Mrs. Pamflett, "and you are almost certain to do worse."

She spoke in a hard tone; there was no pleading in her voice and manner; had there been, the probability is that she would not have succeeded.

"How old is he now?" asked Miser Farebrother.

"Seventeen last birthday."

"Decent-looking?"

"Yes."

"A good writer?"

"Here is his last letter to me," said Mrs. Pamflett, handing it to the miser.

He examined it carefully; the writing was excellent. He returned it to his housekeeper.

"How about his figures?"

"He is splendid at them. That is what he was distinguished for at school."

"Was he distinguished for anything else? For instance, for keeping his own counsel?"

"He can do that."

"Is he fond of pleasure?"

"He wants to get along in the world."

"Willing to work hard?"

"Try him."

"I will think of it," said Miser Farebrother, going to his room. It was not his habit to do things in a hurry.

He passed the night as usual writing in his account-books, and making calculations of money and dates, and reckoning up compound interest at different rates of percentage per month. He never lent money at interest per annum, but always at compound interest per month, a system which swelled his profits enormously. A ledger slipped from the table to the ground, and, stooping to reach it, he found himself unable to rise. He beat the floor with his hands, and called out for his housekeeper; but it was many minutes before she heard him and came to his help. She assisted him to his feet and into his chair, where he sat, twisting and groaning.

"Rub my back, rub my back! Lower, lower! A little more to the left! No, that's not the place! Ah, now you're right! Keep rubbing—harder, harder! Oh, oh!"

"I told you the other night," said Mrs. Pamflett, composedly, as she carried out his instructions, "when you walked home from the station in the sopping rain, that you'd catch lumbago; and now you've got it."

"Oh, oh!" cried Miser Farebrother. "You're a witch, you're a witch! You laid a spell upon me. What did you do it for? Do you think I shall put you down in my will, and that my death will make you rich? You're mistaken; I've no money to leave, and if I had, you shouldn't have it! No one should have it—no one! 'Walk home in the rain!'—what else could I do? Can I afford carriages to ride in? You know I can't; you know it, you know it! Rub away—harder—harder! Have you got no life in you?"

He lay back in his chair, gasping, his pains somewhat relieved.

"You won't be able to move to-morrow," said Mrs. Pamflett; "and now you've begun to have lumbago, it will never leave you."

"What! You're putting more spells on me, are you? Witches ought to be burnt. It's a good job there's nothing particular to do at the office to-morrow, only it isn't safe to leave it alone day or night."

"No, it isn't," said Mrs. Pamflett; "somebody ought to sleep there. I always thought that. Jeremiah could. You'd best get to bed now; I'll help you. Then I'll get some turpentine and flannel; it will do you good, perhaps. Yes, some person in whom you have confidence should sleep in the office."

"There's no such person," he snarled. "Everybody tries to rob me—everybody—everybody!"

"How will it be," said Mrs. Pamflett, not in the slightest way ruffled, "when you're laid up a week at a time, and can't go to London to attend your customers? It will happen; I know what lumbago is. Once it gets into your bones there's no driving it out."

"It isn't in my bones; it's only a slight attack. I can walk now, if I please. See: I can stand up straight, and—Oh, oh!"

Down he fell again, and when Mrs. Pamflett attempted to assist him he screamed out, "Let me be, let me be! You're twisting me wrong! You want to kill me!"

Presently, when there was less need for his comical physical contortions, which did not elicit from Mrs. Pamflett either a smile or the slightest expression of sympathy, she returned to the attack.

"Jeremiah is the very person you want. If you don't have him I shall obtain another situation for him, and then you will lose a treasure."

"A treasure!" he retorted scornfully. "Of course: every cock crows on its own dunghill. Jeremiah's a precious stone, eh? A very precious stone!"

"He is. He's the brightest, cleverest lad you've ever come across."

"Ah," he said, with a cunning cock of his head; "but we don't want 'em too clever, do we?"

"He will do everything you want done in the way you wish," said Mrs. Pamflett, calmly; "and if that doesn't content you, nothing will. He writes well, as you have seen; he knows all about book-keeping; and he's as sharp as a needle."

"Takes after his mother," observed Miser Farebrother, with a sardonic leer.

"No, I was never very clever; I've missed things. He won't, being a man. I'm glad I didn't have a girl. As a rule, I hate them."

"How about Phoebe?"

"She's well enough, but there's not much love lost between us. She don't take to me, and I don't take to her. It's on her side mostly, not mine. She has nothing to complain of, any more than you have."

"Oh, I don't complain," he said, his wary eyes on her.

"Perhaps it's as well you don't. You must have somebody here, and you would most likely get someone in my place who'd eat you out of house and home. Female servants are a nice set! Shall I send for Jeremiah? Will you see him here to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Miser Farebrother; he was now in bed, and Mrs. Pamflett was tucking him in, "you may send for him. I will see him to-morrow."

CHAPTER VI.

A VERY SMALL BOY COVERS HIMSELF WITH GLORY.

Jeremiah Pamflett presented himself at Parkside at noon. His mother was waiting for him at the gates. A pale, self-possessed woman, upon whose face, to the ordinary observer, was never seen a sign of joy or sorrow, in whose eyes never shone that light of sympathy which draws heart to heart—she became transformed the moment her son appeared. She ran towards him; she pressed him in her arms; she kissed him again and again.

"My boy! my boy!" she murmured.

"Mother," said Jeremiah, "you're rumpling my collar, and you wrote to me to make myself nice."

"And you do look nice, my pet," said Mrs. Pamflett, taking off his shiny belltopper, and blowing away a speck of dust; "how much did you give for this new hat?"

"Six-and-six, in Drury-lane. Don't press your hand over it like that; you're rubbing the dust into it. I gave fifteen-pence for the necktie, and tenpence for this white handkerchief, and two-and-nine for the shirt. Then there's the boots and socks, and a new walking-stick. And I had to get shaved."

"Did you, Jeremiah! did you!" exclaimed the proud mother, passing her hand over his remarkably smooth chin, guiltless as yet of the remotest indication of hair. "My boy's growing quite a man!"

"Altogether, with my fare down here, I've spent one pound six, and you only sent me a sovereign. I had to borrow the six shillings, and I shall have to pay it back the moment I get to London."

With a nod and a smile Mrs. Pamflett produced her purse, and handed six shillings to her son, upon receiving which Jeremiah hugged her and winked, as it were inwardly to himself, over her shoulder.

"Another shilling, mother, for luck; now don't be mean. You haven't got any more sons; don't begrudge your only one."

The appeal was irresistible, and Jeremiah received another shilling, which he greeted with a repetition of the hug and the wink.

"And now, mother, what is it all about? what's the little game? I'm going to make my fortune, am I? Well, I'm willing!"

Mrs. Pamflett took him into the kitchen, and explained. He was to enter Miser Farebrother's service, she said, if the miser approved of him. The miser was in bed up-stairs, laid up with lumbago, and Jeremiah was to be very polite and civil, and not to mind if the miser flew out at him. This caused Jeremiah to exclaim,

"Oh, come, mother, I'm not going to be bullied. I wouldn't stand it from a man twice my size!"

Mrs. Pamflett expressed her admiration of his courage, but said he must keep himself in. Miser Farebrother was "touchy" because he was in such pain. If Jeremiah was engaged, he was to sleep in the office in London, and if he was steady and attentive he might become the sole manager of Miser Farebrother's business in the course of a few years, and—who knows?—perhaps a partner. She said a great deal more than this to her young hopeful; and she made him thoroughly understand how the land lay.

"And now come up with me," she said. "I will show you into his room."

"But, I say," expostulated Jeremiah, looking greedily at the saucers on the fire, from one of which an appetising flavour was escaping, "aint you going to give me anything to eat?"

"When you come down, Jeremiah," she replied, "I'll have a nice dinner for you. Can't you smell it?"

The conformation of Jeremiah Pamflett's pug nose became accentuated by reason of its owner giving half-a-dozen vigorous sniffs, and having thus tasted the pleasures of hope he followed his mother up-stairs to Miser Farebrother's bedroom. The miser was in bed, groaning in his nightcap, and pouring out imprecations upon fate. Mrs. Pamflett assisted him into the easiest posture, and he cocked his eye at Jeremiah, who had suddenly become very humble and subservient. He was the personification of meekness as he stood in the presence of the queer-looking, nightcapped figure in bed, gazing at him with eyes which seemed to pierce him through and through.

"So, this is Jeremiah, is it?" he said.

Mrs. Pamflett smiled a beaming assent.

"Draw that table closer to the bed; now those sheets of paper; now the pen and ink; now the blotting-paper; now a chair for the lad. Go; leave us alone."

The interview lasted an hour, at the end of which, Jeremiah presented himself before his anxious mother with a sly look of self-satisfaction. His first words were,

"Oh! but aint he a scorcher? Cayenne pepper aint in it with him. Talk of sharpness! Well, I thought I wasn't bad; but he licks Blue Peter. He put me through, I can tell you."

"Are you engaged, Jeremiah?" asked Mrs. Pamflett, her fond hands about his clothes, setting them right. "What questions did he ask you, and how did you answer them? Why don't you speak?"

"Shan't say a blessed word," was the affectionate reply, "till I've had something to eat. Serve up, mother; I'm as empty as a drum."

Mrs. Pamflett obeyed, and set before him a dish of haricot sufficient for a young family. It was a special favourite with him, and he bestowed upon his mother the commendation that she was "a tip-topper, and no flies about it," which afforded her as much pleasure as an exhibition medal would have done. He washed down his copious meal with two glasses of ale, and, throwing himself back in his chair, gave her an account of the interview. He had written no end of things at the miser's dictation—letters, threats of what would be done if certain sums of money were not forthcoming at stated times, and statements of conversations which he was supposed to be listening to without the clients being aware of. Then he was set to calculate sums of great intricacy, to add up, to multiply, not only pounds, shillings, and pence, but farthings and fractions of farthings. He performed these tasks to Miser Farebrother's satisfaction. "I'm a regular dab at figures, you know," said Jeremiah to his mother; and the end of it was that he was engaged, and that the miser had promised to make his fortune.

"I mean to make it, mother," said Jeremiah.

"I shall live to see you ride in your carriage," said she.

"I'll be able to afford it one day; but"—with a touch of shrewdness of which Miser Farebrother himself might have been proud—"it will be cheaper, don't you think, to ride in other people's?"

This made Mrs. Pamflett laugh, and she kissed him, and praised him for his cleverness. She wished him to remain with her the whole of the day; but he said he must get back to London, and, after screwing two or three more shillings out of her, he bade her good-bye. She stood at the gates watching him till he was out of sight, sucking the knob of his new walking-stick and flourishing it with an air. He was in the mood for enjoyment, and he was not at all in the hurry he

expressed to get back to the metropolis. Meeting a small urchin in a lane he bailed him up.

"What's your name, you scoundrel?" he said, setting the boy before him.

"Roger," said the trembling lad, whose age might have been six, and was certainly not more.

Jeremiah gave him a violent shaking. "Say 'Sir'; say 'Roger, Sir.'"

"Roger, Sir."

"Say it louder. If you cry, I'll chop you into little bits."

"Roger, Sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"How dare you do nothing? Bow to me."

The frightened little chap bowed, whipping off his cap at Jeremiah's command.

"Bow three times. Lower—lower—lower!" The little chap obeyed, bowing almost to the stones.

"Now say, 'I beg your pardon, Sir, and I'll never do so agin.'"

"I beg your pardon, Sir; and I'll never do so agin."

Jeremiah slapped his face, and walked away, whistling. It was a good commencement. He was really enjoying himself. When he reached the village another excitement greeted him. There was a "Punch and Judy" being shown, and a large crowd, chiefly composed of children, was gathered around the entertainment. Among the onlookers were Phoebe and Tom Barley. Jeremiah elbowed his way into the centre of the crowd, and presently a girl cried "Oh!" and looked round, rubbing her arm. She was a plain-looking girl, and somebody had given her a sharp pinch. Jeremiah Pamflett looked away, with a successful effort at unconsciousness. Edging a little further on he stationed himself behind another plain girl, who also the next minute cried "Oh!" and looked round, without discovering her tormentor. This was one of Jeremiah's favourite pastimes, mixing in a crowd of children, and pinching the ugly girls. Both Phoebe and Tom Barley were too deeply absorbed in the show to notice these mean diversions, and Jeremiah moved about, enjoying himself to his heart's content, till he found himself standing just behind Phoebe, having pushed between her and Tom. Eyeing her over, to select a nice place for his fingers, he was on the point of operating when a slight turn on Phoebe's part gave him a view of her face.

"She's too pretty to pinch," thought he; "I'll kiss her."

Judging his opportunity and the favourable moment, he slyly planted a kiss upon her neck. The young girl started, and blushed all over.

"Tom!" she screamed.

At that precise moment a remarkable incident occurred. Jeremiah Pamflett felt a strong hand on his collar and another strong hand at his waist, and, presto! he was twisted off his legs and raised in the air. His next bewildering sensation was being run away with. It was Tom Barley now who was the principal actor. He had observed Jeremiah Pamflett's proceeding, and he had acted on the excitement of the moment, with a vague idea of running away with the delinquent, and administering sound punishment to him, by throwing him into a pond if he could find one, or into a prickly hedge, or something of the sort.

There was instant confusion in the crowd. All the children looked after the flying figure of Tom Barley, holding the astonished Jeremiah aloft. The showmen were not entirely dissatisfied, the entertainment being very near its end, and a fair amount of coppers having been already gathered. Toby, an impulsive dog, and somewhat new to the business, could not resist his proclivities, and darted after Tom and Jeremiah. Phoebe, in terror, screamed, "Come back, Tom; come back!"

Her voice reached Tom's ears, and he instantly turned back, followed by Toby. Arrived at his starting point, he dropped Jeremiah to the ground, who slowly rose, in a woeful plight. His nice new clothes were disarranged; buttons were off; there was a rent here and there; he picked up his nice new hat, crushed, and out of shape.

"Why don't you hit one of your own size?" he cried, with his right elbow raised to protect his face.

"I haven't hit you yet," said Tom; Phoebe was clinging to his arm. "And now I look at you, I am a little too big for you. But you've got to be hit by someone."

"I'll have the law of you," gasped Jeremiah, gazing ruefully at his hat. "You shall pay for it, or my name aint Jeremiah Pamflett."

"Oh! Jeremiah Pamflett, is it?" said Tom, in no wise diverted from his intention by the intelligence.

"Come away, Tom," said Phoebe imploringly. "Let us go home."

If anything could have contributed to Jeremiah's escape it was this; but Tom Barley's spirit was roused, also his sense of justice, and under such influences he could be firm.

"In a minute or two," he said to her. "There's nothing to be frightened at. Look here," and he addressed the crowd, "this young London spark has insulted my mistress."

"And he pinched me!" exclaimed a girl, light dawning upon her, and through her, upon other of Jeremiah's victims.

"He pinched me!" "He pinched me!" came in a chorus from half-a-dozen indignant girls.

"That settles it," said Tom. "Is there anyone here of his own size, or less, that'll tackle him for twopence and a brandy-ball?"

"Couldn't speak fairer," said one of the showmen.

Now, among the crowd, was a very small boy, several inches below Jeremiah Pamflett in height, but so renowned for his pluck that he had earned the cognomen of "The Bantam."

Forth stepped the Bantam. "I will!" said he.

"Hooray!" cried the other boys and girls. "Hooray for the Bantam!"

"Bray-vo, little un!" said the showman.

"Here's your twopence," said Tom Barley, "and your brandy-ball. Fight him!"

"Make a ring," said the showman, delightedly arranging the children in a circle. "I'll see that it's fair play."

Jeremiah and the Bantam were already in the centre: the Bantam with his coat off and his shirtsleeves tucked up. Jeremiah, looking down upon him, inwardly congratulated himself.

"Come on," he said, "and be made a jelly of!"

Nothing daunted, the Bantam squared up, and the battle commenced. It looked "any odds on the long un," the showman declared, as he inwardly determined to protect the plucky little fellow from too severe a punishment. But a wonder was in store. Despite his size, Jeremiah found it impossible to reach the Bantam, who skipped about in the liveliest fashion, springing up and planting one on Jeremiah's nose, and another on his right eye, and another on his mouth, which puffed up his lips and set all his teeth chattering. In a short time he did not know exactly where he was, and he hit out more wildly. The audience cheered the little champion, and encouraged him by crying, "Go it, Bantam! Go it! Give him another on the nose!" and every now and then "Time" was called by the showman, who declared that the

Bantam was "a chap after his own heart." At length, Jeremiah Pamflett, completely bewildered, stepping back, tripped, and fell flat.

"Any more?" cried the Bantam.

Jeremiah remained on the ground, and did not attempt to rise. The showman threw up his hat.

"We gives in," he said. "Three cheers for the Bantam!"

They were given with a will; and then a collection was made, and the champion was presented with fourpence halfpenny, and, wiping his glory-covered brows, stalked off to the sweetstuff shop, accompanied by his admirers. Tom and Phoebe took their departure, and the showmen shouldered their Punch and Judy, and walked away with Toby. Jeremiah picked himself up, and crawled to the railway-station, shorn of his pride.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE FESTIVITIES.

The ancient borough town of Chipping Norton, in Oxfordshire, celebrated the Jubilee anniversary of her Majesty's reign, on the 21st ult., with very great spirit. The venerable Mayor, Alderman Wilkins, who is in the eighty-fourth year of his age, was Mayor of this town in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession. Early in the morning, the parish church bells rang a merry peal. There was a special Thanksgiving service, attended by the Corporation, who marched to church in a procession with others, the Jubilee Committee, the Guilds, the Benefit Societies, the Rifle Volunteers and their band of music. The Volunteers fired a "feu de joie" in the market-place, where tables were soon spread for a substantial dinner given to above four thousand people. Dinners were sent to all prevented by illness or infirmity from coming to the feast. In the afternoon there were various sports; in the evening, the town was illuminated; there was a grand display of fireworks on the common; and at ten o'clock, at a signal from the Malvern and Broadway beacons, a huge bonfire was lighted. The Jubilee Committee, of which Mr. S. Pryer was treasurer, Captain Wilkins and Mr. T. Mace honorary secretaries, received liberal gifts from Mr. Albert Brassey, of Heythrop; Sir Bernhard Samuelson, M.P.; and Mr. Bull, of the Royal Adelaide Hotel, Windsor.

Her Majesty's Jubilee was celebrated at Wakefield, among other ways, by an adaptation of the festival of "La Rosière." The Queen was elected by her schoolfellows in the schools of St. Michael, Westgate-common, and the Rev. J. A. Curties, Vicar of St. Michael's, assisted by many ladies and gentlemen, organised these novel proceedings. At nine o'clock in the morning, a procession started to the place of coronation, the field of the Thornes Football Club. It was preceded by the Wakefield military band. Four girls, in pink and blue, carried bannerettes inscribed with the date 1837. Then came the Jubilee car, which conveyed a representative of Queen Victoria, with two ladies-in-waiting, a soldier, and a sailor. This car also displayed the Royal arms, the lion and unicorn being living figures. Behind the car came four girls, bearing similar banners to the first, with the date 1837. Numerous picturesque characters followed: St. George, in full armour, followed by the fiery dragon, and attended by Turks and Wild Indians; Jack-in-the-Green, with attendant foresters in green; a car full of fairies and water-nymphs, presided over by a little Fairy Queen; the Sun, surrounded by negroes; a Laplander, trying to warm his toes at the sun; a Normandy peasant, an Arcadian shepherd and shepherdess, Little Red Riding Hood, the Four Seasons, and the retinue of the Rose Queen—twelve maids-of-honour with chaplets of roses, the Royal jester, the crown-bearer, beefeaters, and four pages as train-bearers. The crimson canopy was held above the Rose Queen by her attendants, and she thus arrived at the place mentioned, where a large platform was erected, opposite the grand stand. Here the ceremony of coronation was proceeded with, and the Queen's speech was read, in which loyal allusion was made to the Jubilee, and the spectators were invited to join in the National Anthem. Then the fairies danced round the maypole, prettily plaiting the ribbons; the ancient morris dance followed, and songs by the principal characters. A series of songs set to popular airs, commemorating the Jubilee, was also sung by a chorus of 500 children. This pretty spectacle was witnessed by a large concourse of spectators, among whom was the Mayoress of Wakefield.

The festivities at Great Malvern, followed by the kindling of the beacon-fire on the Worcestershire Beacon hill, from which the signal was given to light all the other beacon-fires of England and Wales, have been partly described. The Malvern procession on the Jubilee day included two floral cars, one drawn by horses and the other by oxen, which are shown in our Illustrations.

MR. COHEN'S WILL.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1886) of Mr. Lionel Louis Cohen, late of 9, Hyde Park-terrace, Hyde Park, M.P. for North Paddington, who died on June 26 last, appoints his sons Leonard Lionel Cohen and Frank Lionel Cohen, his son-in-law, Henry E. Beddington, and his nephew, Albert Henry Jessel, executors, the personal estate amounting to upwards of £423,000. Testator gives to his wife the leasehold mansion, 9, Hyde Park-terrace, coach-house and stables, and all his jewellery, furniture, plate, and other articles of personal or domestic use or ornament, wines and provisions, horses, carriages, and harness, and, £300 for immediate use. The testator makes specific bequests in favour of his children, gives £1000 to his son-in-law, Mr. Beddington, and £1000 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Leonard Cohen, and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, clerks in his late firm, and servants, all free of duty. He also gives £6000 to the United Synagogue; £2000 to the Jewish Board of Guardians, and numerous other bequests to Jewish charities, general hospitals, the poor of his parish, &c. The testator gives his wife the income of £70,000 during her life, with a power of appointment in favour of her children after her death, subject to which this sum is to be divided among them equally. He leaves £30,000 to his daughter, Mrs. Henry E. Beddington, to be held, upon the trusts of her marriage settlement, in addition to the settlement made at the time of her marriage, and bequeaths the residue of his estate to all his sons equally. He leaves £500 to each of his executors who proves the will.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Russian Ambassador and family, occupied the Queen's box at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden, on Tuesday night.

The Earl of Dunraven presided, last Saturday night, at the annual dinner of the Savage Club, which was held at Willis's Rooms. Over two hundred members and guests were present. The evening's programme was agreeably enlivened by songs, recitations, and music by members of the club.

The illumination of Lincoln Cathedral on the night of the Queen's Jubilee, which was the subject of one of four Illustrations, was effected by the electric light apparatus of Messrs. Robey and Co., of Lincoln, who fixed it within five days, providing thirty-two lamps, with a total of 64,000-candle power, on the parapet and pinnacles of the Rood Tower, nearly 600 ft. above the level of the plain around Lincoln.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The production of "La Vita per lo Czar"—the Italian version of Glinka's Russian opera—was postponed for the sake of additional rehearsals, and took place on Tuesday evening. This work is the earlier of its composer's two operas, and has obtained much greater acceptance than its successor, "Russlan und Ludmilla." The popularity of the opera now referred to has, however, been almost limited to its composer's country, where it was originally produced (at St. Petersburg) in 1836. The nationality of the subject, and of its musical treatment, doubtless had much to do with its favourable reception by the Russian public. Of Glinka's music comparatively little is known in this country; several orchestral pieces by him have been given at Crystal Palace concerts and elsewhere, and some operatic extracts have made their way into various concert programmes. The occasion now referred to was the first that has occurred here for forming an opinion of the merit of a composer who stands foremost among the few whom Russia has produced. Michael Ivanovitch Glinka was born in 1804, near Novospaskoi, and died in 1857, at Berlin. He studied the pianoforte under John Field, of St. Petersburg; the vocal art in Italy; and harmony and composition under S. W. Dehn, of Berlin; and was an accomplished musician, practical and theoretical. Whether his musical genius was strong enough to secure permanent fame for his works remains to be proved. The opportunity, however, of hearing, for the first time in this country, his most celebrated stage work has been a distinguishing and commendable feature of Signor Lago's season, which it is to be regretted was not afforded earlier than on the last night but two thereof.

The original book of the opera just produced here was written by Baron De Rosen, the leading incident of the plot being the patriotism of a peasant, who, knowing where the Czar is concealed, is commanded by his enemies to betray him; instead of which, he leads them astray, securing the safety of the Czar, and paying for his loyalty with his life. There is an underplot of the loves of Antonida (daughter of the self-sacrificing Ivan Sussanin) and Bogdan Sobinin, a patriotic volunteer. The action is supposed to take place in 1613.

The opera consists of four acts, supplemented by a pictorial epilogue showing the triumphal entry of the Czar into Moscow, this having been used, in Russian performances of the work, in lieu of the original fifth act. The overture is not very striking, either in subject or treatment, but contains some passages suggestive of northern character, and anticipatory of the music to follow. In the first act we may specify, as among the most important features, the opening chorus for male and female peasants, in which there are some good contrasts between the sombre and bright styles, with some touches of an ecclesiastical tone; a very beautiful aria for Antonida, and an impressive trio for the lovers and the father. Act 2 consists chiefly of some picturesque ballet action of a national character, the music of which is very bright and piquant. Act 3 opens with a charming air, of a plaintive kind, for Wania—the adopted son of Sussanin, and the messenger sent by the latter to warn the Czar—after which come a duet for the two first-named characters, of a declamatory and patriotic kind; an elaborate and well-contrasted quartet for the four principals; and a pretty bridal chorus, followed by some effective concerted music bawling the enforced departure of Sussanin with the Polish enemies. The fourth act opens with an impassioned solo for Wania on his arrival at the residence of the Czar, another long soliloquy being that expressing Sussanin's despair at his fate and his triumph over the enemies of the Czar. This piece might advantageously be shortened. The sombre music which follows, is very impressive in its expression of the wrath of the betrayed Poles, inveigled by Sussanin into the forest to perish by hunger and cold, and closes appropriately, though sadly, a work of great and special interest—the epilogue being of small importance otherwise than pictorially. Glinka's music has a distinctive national character, which contrasts favourably with some of the rapid operatic productions of recent times. The rhythm (in one case five-four tempo is used) is throughout strongly suggestive of northern style. The orchestral entr'actes are charming in themselves, and very suggestive of the coming dramatic action. The performance was excellent throughout. Madame Albani sustained the character of Antonida, and Madame Scalchi that of Wania; Signor Gayarre having been the representative of Bogdan Sobinin, and M. Devoyod of Ivan Sussanin; all having successfully exerted their best powers. The scenery is beautiful; and the national costumes rich and appropriate. The orchestral and choral details were finely rendered, and Signor Bevnigani conducted with care and skill. The opera should prove largely attractive during next season. On Tuesday evening the theatre was crowded in every part. "Don Giovanni" was announced for Thursday, and "La Vita per lo Czar" is to be performed again this (Saturday) evening, for the benefit of Madame Albani, and the close of the season. A complimentary benefit is to be given next week to Signor Lago, the lessee, for which all the artists have proffered their services. This tribute is well deserved, and it is to be hoped the occasion may prove a substantial success.

The other proceedings at this establishment since our last notice have included performances of "Linda di Chamouni" and "Il Trovatore." In the first-named instance Mdle. Ella Russell appeared in the title-character, in which she enhanced the success obtained by her in the same part during last season. In brilliant vocalisation, sentimental expression, and dramatic feeling, it was a performance of exceptional merit. Another repetition of an important feature in last year's cast was the Pierotto of Madame Scalchi. Signor Cotogni made his first appearance this season as Antonio, to which character, as on former occasions, he gave due importance by his powerful acting and singing. Signor Carbone was again an effective representative of the roué Marquis; Signor Figner, as Carlo, sang with more effect than hitherto; and Signor Povoleri was a satisfactory Prefect. In "Il Trovatore" Mdle. Dassi made her first appearance as Azucena, and displayed good vocal and dramatic powers, which gained her a favourable reception. Mdle. Giulia Valda was impressive as Leonora, M. Prevost gave the declamatory music of Manrico with resonant power, and Signor D'Andrade was an admirable Count di Luna. On this occasion Mr. Saar conducted.

The last Jubilee concert at the Royal Albert Hall—contributed to by artists of the Royal Italian opera company—will take place this (Saturday) afternoon.

ITALIAN OPERA.—DRURY-LANE THEATRE

The production of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" on Monday evening—after more than one postponement—had, besides the excellence of its performance generally, the special interest of including some of the last act, which has for many years been altogether omitted on our opera stage, the work having been made to close with the grand duet for Valentina and Raoul, and his impassioned exit to share the fate of his friends in the impending massacre. The last act, as the work was produced by the composer, forms a more complete climax, in the deaths

of the two characters just named, and Raoul's faithful Huguenot follower, Marcello. The gaiety of the ball scene, the consternation at the sound of musketry without, and the final slaughter of the two lovers and the Huguenot attendant, form an impressive climax to a musical tragedy that seems incomplete when this is omitted. Only the final scene, however, was given on Monday, with the trio for the three doomed personages, ending with their deaths. The opera, if performed as it stands in the original score, would occupy an unreasonable length of time. Madame Nordica, as Valentina, sang and acted with good dramatic feeling, more especially in the conspiracy-scene; in the fine duet with Marcello; and that, still grander, with Raoul, which has for many years been made to form the close of the opera in this country. The graceful and courtly music of Margherita di Valois was brightly, if not powerfully, sung by Mdle. Engle; the songs of the page, Urbano, having been pleasingly rendered by Mdle. Fabbri. M. Jean De Reské, as Raoul, gave one of the finest realisations of the character and of its music that has ever been witnessed on the opera-stage. In heroic and dignified bearing, and grand declamation, it was a display of an exceptionally high order, particularly in the leading part of the duet-septet, and the great duet with Valentina. The stern Catholic noble, San Bris, found an admirable representative in M. E. De Reské, and M. Maurel was duly chivalrous as the generous Di Nevers; Signor Foli, as Marcello, having repeated a meritorious performance that has been associated with our other opera establishments. Subordinate characters were adequately sustained, and the orchestral and choral details were worthily rendered, the performance having been skilfully conducted by Signor Mancinelli. The splendour of the scenic accessories and costumes was worthy of the reputation that Drury-Lane Theatre has acquired under Mr. Harris's management. Such a performance as that of Monday forms an event in our musical season. It is to be regretted that it did not occur earlier, as it would bear many repetitions.

On Tuesday evening Mdle. Arnoldson was to have appeared in "La Traviata," but, owing to her indisposition, "Rigoletto" was substituted.

Other proceedings at this theatre have consisted of repetitions of operas previously noticed. In "Aida," in which Madame Nordica was to have sustained the title-character, but was prevented by illness, Madame Crosmond appeared therein at short notice, and with a degree of efficiency highly commendable under the circumstances. On this occasion, Signor Runcio was the Radames, other features of the cast having been as before. A repetition of "Lohengrin" included the transference of the part of Elsa to Madame Minnie Hank, by whom it was—as heretofore elsewhere—finely rendered both in its vocal and its dramatic aspect. The other principal characters were again admirably sustained as recently.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The appearance of Madame Patti here as Violetta in "La Traviata" on July 1 was not followed, as promised, on the next Tuesday by her performance as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" owing to her indisposition, and the house was closed until Saturday evening, when the great prima-donna declined to appear, for reasons which it is not within our province to discuss. To compensate for the disappointment, Mr. Mapleson proffered a gratis performance of "Carmen," with Madame Trebelli in the title-character, besides promising the return of money received from the disappointed visitors. Notwithstanding the statement that Madame Patti would not sing again at Her Majesty's Theatre, she was announced, in Monday's papers, for Rosina in "Il Barbiere" last Tuesday, but on that morning a denial was published by Mr. Abbey (Madame Patti's agent), and an announcement was made by Mr. Mapleson of the close of the theatre "for the present."

Signor Giuseppe Buonamici (the eminent Florentine pianist) gave a recital at Prince's Hall on Monday, with the co-operation of Mr. Fritz Hartvigson and Mr. Walter Bache.

A grand performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," conducted by the composer, was announced to take place at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, with three of the principal vocalists—Madame Albani, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd—the same as at the first production of the work at the Leeds Festival last October; and with the music of Lucifer assigned to Signor Foli, by whom it was so effectively rendered at a recent Crystal Palace performance. The concert now referred to was given in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital.

The competition for the Lady Jenkinson Prize of £5 took place at the Guildhall School of Music on Monday last. There were fourteen competitors, and the prize was awarded to Miss Adie Curtis.

Miss Emma Barker gave a morning concert on Thursday at 7, St. James's-square, by permission of Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton.

Mr. Templar Saxe announces a matinée musicale next Tuesday at 130, Piccadilly, by permission of Mr. Hartmont.

Viscountess Folkestone will give an evening concert next Wednesday, at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund and Women's Provident League. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family have signified their intention to be present. Lady Folkestone has provided a very attractive programme, which will be rendered by a strong chorus of lady amateurs, her well-known ladies' string band, and several distinguished soloists.

The University of Dublin has, after examination, conferred the degree of Doctor of Music upon the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, F.R.S.E., Warden of Trinity College, London. Dr. Hunt graduated at Oxford as Bachelor of Music in 1876.

Princess Frederica visited the Wimbledon Art College in Merton-road, Wimbledon, on Monday afternoon for the purpose of distributing the prizes and certificates to the students. The proceedings opened with a musical and dramatic entertainment.

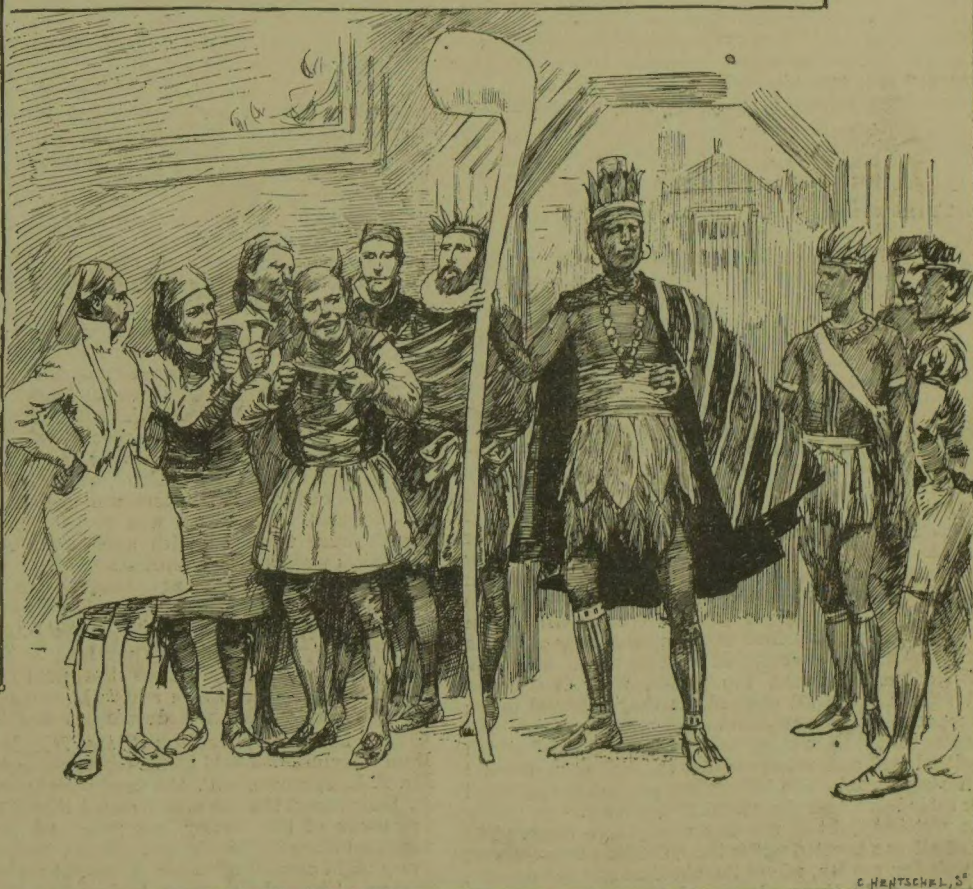
The Queen has communicated to Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswood, the printers of the ornamental copy of the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service used by her Majesty at Westminster Abbey, her approval of that beautiful work. We gave an illustration of the frontispiece, which is one of the most artistic examples of missal decoration that have been produced in these times. It is an interesting fact that this work was wholly executed by a man who is deaf and dumb. It is emblazoned, on vellum, with the Royal arms, in full, in the mediæval style of heraldic drawing, with the order and badge of the Garter suspended from a Norman shield, and surrounded by a border, with the white and red roses of York and Lancaster in the corners, the thistle and shamrock, and the dates 1837 and 1887—all on a background of small diaper pattern, grey and gold. The titlepage is illuminated in the best style of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the text, filling twelve pages, is printed in black letter. The binding is of rich blue velvet, the inside of the covers lined with golden-brown Russia leather.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE FESTIVAL AT CHIPPING NORTON.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE FESTIVAL AT WAKEFIELD.



THE "MASKE OF FLOWERS,"

IN GRAY'S INN HALL,

Thursday, July 7.



1. The Orchestra.
2. The Dance.

3. Gallus, Invierno, and Primavera.
4. Kawasha's Song.

It is a lovely afternoon in July in the famous Jubilee year of Queen Victoria, and we are all bidden to the ancient hall of Gray's Inn by Arthur W. A'Beckett, the Master of the Revels, appointed by that venerable society to entertain us in goodly fashion. Here, where Kings and Queens and Princes danced, sang, and made merry centuries ago; on this very spot where the fine ladies, in their silks and satins, left their seats to dance a measure with the maskers; here, where tall halberdiers announced the approach of the reigning King

or Queen of England, we are to see the very same Maske that so delighted King James the First that part of it was encored, the players were graciously permitted to kiss the hands of King and Queen, and were subsequently invited to a gorgeous banquet. The object of the Master of the Revels, who holds sway in old Gray's Inn, is to restore as exactly as he can a brief moment in the ages past and gone. He could have discovered in English literature scores of maskes better adapted for modern stage treatment

than the "Maske of Flowers"; the British Museum would have yielded him dozens of such metrical fancies, richer in humour and neater in lyrical workmanship. But that would not have been the point. The object on this occasion was to give again in Gray's Inn the entertainment that had been written for Gray's Inn; to play before Royalty that which in another century had delighted Royalty; and, as far as might be possible, to restore to 1887 the quaint dramatic custom of 1614. Fascinated with this idea and encouraged by the Benchers, the

Master of the Revels set bravely to work. His father, Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett, had been a member of Gray's Inn. The son, who followed in his footsteps, was determined to do his best for that ancient society. The "Maske of Flowers" was discovered by the librarian almost ready for use—replete with ample stage directions and descriptions of dress. A great deal of the original music, by Copenario, was unearthed by the enthusiasts, so the next point was to secure all the aid that was possible from outside authority, ranging from the artistic archaeologist to the master of dance. Mr. A'Beckett made a wise choice. Mr. John O'Connor was summoned to decorate the scene, to paint a curtain of old Gray's Inn garden—showing good Queen Bess going in State to a maske, and to adorn the necessary stage sets. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, one of our best authorities on stage dress, at once consented to design costumes to be worn not only by the players on the stage, but by the musicians in the orchestra and attendants in the hall. Sir James D. Linton reproduced the crimson halberdiers of the reign of Queen Elizabeth to wait upon H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Treasurer of Gray's Inn. The care of the music was undertaken by Mr. Arthur Prendergast and Mr. H. F. Birch Reynardson, who supplied omissions in the old musical score by composing original music of precisely the same quaint character. Lastly an invaluable director of the dance was found in Mr. John D'Auban, a very learned authority on terpsichorean art—no mere posture-maker or ballet-master, but in his way an enthusiast, prepared to revive for us the "morris" and "peacock" dances, the "morisces" and "pavans" that were once part and parcel of the education of English cavalier and graceful lady.

We suddenly leave the brilliant sunshine for a darkened hall. Amidst the fashionable ladies of the nineteenth century in their cool white dresses, fit about tall beefeaters with their flat black caps and halberds, and the picturesque apprentices, the tapsters, the cooks and the serving-men of the early seventeenth century. The place occupied on ordinary occasions by the dais or high table is now devoted to the stage, and a prettily painted proscenium cuts the old hall in half without seriously interfering with its architectural features. The Minstrels' Gallery is filled with pretty ladies and enthusiastic students. The Benchers and their friends occupy the seats in the main body of the hall, and punctually at half-past three the captain of the halberdiers, who has ranged his men round the Royal chairs, announces the presence of the Royal Duke and his distinguished party. The audience rises respectfully; the musicians, in their quaint attire, have taken their places, and after a short period of silence, Mr. Prendergast raises his bâton as a prelude to a very delicious overture. At once the mind is satisfied and the imagination stimulated. What is that quaint tinkling sound that prevails over the violins this morning—it is not a harp, surely, or a zither, or an Æolian lyre? No; it is the rare, sweet music from a couple of old harpsichords, that are introduced with simple and admirable effect. The music was written for harpsichords, so why should it not be played by them? Never before has quaint music been rendered in such happy fashion. The old-world idea, the tone of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age, were at once suggested by the soft and enchanting music. The overture over, the curtain ascends, and the Master of the Revels comes forward to describe the purpose of the play. Out of the great gate in the middle of the city comes Invierno, or Winter, with white beard, attired like an old man, in a short gown of "silken shagge," like withered grass, all frosted and snowed over. He is not long alone, for he is soon joined by Primavera (the Hon. Lady Cadogan), by Gallus, a formidable cock (Mr. F. C. Norton), by Silenus (W. Dundas Gardiner), and by Kawasha (J. C. Lewis Coward), who are the chief actors in the first part of the entertainment. The most interesting feature is an "ante-maske of song," that so delighted King James years ago that he insisted on an encore. Catches and roundelays succeed one another; songs in praise of tobacco are given, one verse of which hugely delights the young lawyers present:—

Tobacco is a lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our brain it enters
Our feet do make indentures,
Which we seal with stamping paces.
This makes me sing, So ho! ho! ho! So ho! boys.
Ho! boys, sound! I soundly.

So merrily did Mr. Lewis Coward troll forth this quaint ditty that it was unanimously encored. And so with songs, catches, dances, and hobby-horses galore, the first or essentially male part of the entertainment was concluded.

It was in the second portion of the entertainment that Mr. A'Beckett was able to make his great and important change. Instead of allowing the "Maske" to be played wholly by men, he turned the gods into goddesses, and filled the stage with graceful and pretty ladies. The dance of the flowers was the prettiest incident of the afternoon. Here we have, surely, the origin of the "transformation-scene" in Christmas pantomimes; for the dance of the flowers shows how conservative is the English stage in matters of form. It is said that we live in ungraceful times; that our men are bashful, and that our women move awkwardly. Certainly it was not the case here, for the slow movements of these pretty dances were executed with a taste, a finish, and a neatness that should bring great credit to the instructor, Mr. John D'Auban. And the dancers will be even better than they were on the first occasion when they get upon a larger stage and are not so cramped in their movements. The minuet, the old morris-dance, the pavan, with the cloaks and tilted swords, were all encored, as they deserved to be; and there was enthusiastic applause when all was over and the characters came forward to sing "God Save the Queen," which they did with heart and voice, making the rafters of the old oaken hall ring again. The halberdiers presented, the Royal party took their leave, and the "Maske" was over.

But the prettiest sight of the day was yet to come. The last scene of all was enacted under the splendid plane-trees of the old Gray's Inn garden, where the old time and the present, the young and the old, the moderns and the maskers, fashion and frivolity, mixed in a friendly gathering. To see fashionable young ladies, in heliotrope gowns, side by side with Elizabethan girls, in hoops and farthingales, to notice the maskers and the mummerys, in their fantastic attire and multi-coloured garments contrasted with modern frock-coat and chimney-pot hat, gave rise to many curious reflections. Without doubt the old Gray's Inn garden, as it appeared that lovely summer evening, was one of the very prettiest pictures that the Jubilee has afforded.

C. S.

The Portrait of Mdlle. Arnoldson is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey; and that of Mr. Halley Stewart, M.P., from one by Messrs. Boning and Small. The Illustration of the Jubilee feast at Chipping Norton is from a photograph by Mr. Coles, of Aldate-street, Oxford, supplied by Mr. Hayes, of Chipping Norton.

In celebration of their 350th anniversary, the Honourable Artillery Company held a parade on Monday, and in the evening dined together at the Armoury, the Duke of Portland, the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, presiding. Several gentlemen belonging to the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston were among the guests.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Princess Mary Adelaide, who was accompanied by the Duke of Teck and Princess Victoria of Teck, went on Tuesday to the East-End of London and laid the foundation-stone of the New Baths in Betts'-street, St. George's-in-the-East.

Princess Louise on Monday inaugurated a fête and bazaar at Charlton Park, in aid of the Home for Girls at Wanstead. Sir S. Maryon Wilson conducted the visitors to a sequestered part of Charlton House grounds, where the company witnessed the forest scenes of "As You Like It," presented by Mr. Ben Greet, Miss Alexis Leighton, and their friends. Subsequently there were dramatic selections in the (improvised) Theatre Louise, and a concert in the State drawing-room by the Countess of Kilmorey and others. During the evening the Princess held a levée, at which she received purses on behalf of the charity.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Margaret of Connaught visited Westminster Hospital on Wednesday to open the new Children's Ward, which has been partly endowed by the inhabitants of St. Margaret and St. John's, Westminster, as a memorial of the Jubilee of her Majesty the Queen.

The Crown Princess of Germany yesterday week presented the prizes gained by the pupils of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Norwood. The Crown Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise, was present in the afternoon at a meeting held in the Drapers' Hall, City, in aid of the Teachers' Training and Registration Society and the college in connection with it. Lord Ripon, Mr. Mundella, Earl Granville, and Mr. Matthew Arnold spoke in support of resolutions commending the work of the society, and thanking the Crown Princess for attending the meeting.

The Duchess of Albany visited the Albany Memorial Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, on the 7th inst. for the purpose of opening the unoccupied wards in the new building. The Duchess having declared the wards open, purses were presented to the amount of 350 guineas. Her Royal Highness subsequently inspected a rose show in another portion of the building. The new wards, which are situated upon the second floor, comprise the "Duchess of Albany Ward" for children, a ward for female patients contributing 21s. weekly, and a free ward for male patients. They contain fifty-five beds and cots, thus raising the total accommodation of the hospital to 180. The additional expenditure occasioned by the opening of the wards will amount to about £2000 a year.

Dr. Tindal Robertson, M.P., has been appointed a Commissioner of the Gardner Trust for the Blind in the place of the late Lord Kinnaird.

In celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, some 1500 old men and women and more than 8000 boys and girls of the Sunday and day schools of Paddington were supplied with dinner and tea, and entertained with various amusements, at an open-air fête on Thursday, the 7th inst. The Duke of Cambridge visited the ground, and was cordially cheered.

The Commissioner of Police notifies that Lady Warren has initiated a fund to be called "The Ladies' Fund for Distribution by Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis" to relieve deserving cases in the police force, and among widows of police officers, which cannot be met by grants from the police fund, or by the private funds already established in connection with the police force.

Messrs. Dennett and Ingle, of No. 5, Whitehall, have given to hospitals the following proceeds of letting their offices and balconies to view the Royal procession:—Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, £21; Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, £21; National Hospital, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, £31 10s.; Charing-cross Hospital, £21; London Hospital, £21; making a total of £115 10s.

Admiral J. C. Prevost presided at the forty-eighth annual general meeting of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, held on the 7th inst., at the Sailors' Home, London Docks. The report showed that during the past year 11,512 shipwrecked and distressed sailors, with widows and orphans, were relieved. The income for the year was £25,482, of which £8500 was contributed by the mariner members themselves. According to reports made to the Board of Trade, there were 1572 lives lost at sea during the year. The society had granted a large number of rewards for heroism in saving life at sea.

Yesterday week the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by Sir Alfred Kirby, one of the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, laid the foundation-stone of a hospital which is to be erected at Blackpool in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. In the procession to the site about fifty Mayors of various towns took part.—The festivities culminated last Saturday, the principal features of the day's proceedings being an imposing Masonic ceremonial and the laying of the foundation-stone of a new Church of England school, which is to be erected at the south end of the popular northern watering-place at a cost of about £4000. The town was profusely decorated, and the streets were thronged with spectators. Amongst the other festivities were military tournaments by representatives of six of her Majesty's regiments, Scottish sports and pastimes, displays of fireworks from the piers, steamers, and the sea, and in the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated.

The Marquis of Salisbury presided at the tenth triennial festival of the Railway Guards' Universal Friendly Society, in aid of the permanent sick and injured, and the widows and orphans' funds, held on Wednesday at the Cannon-street Hotel.

The half-yearly meeting of the friends of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was held at the Cannon-street Hotel on Monday. Mr. T. L. Bristowe, M.P., the newly-elected treasurer, presided. In their report the committee stated that 339 children were on the books of the society last year, and that 4763 had been admitted since its foundation. It had been decided to educate every child capable of being so taught under the pure "oral" system. The Old Kent-road Asylum had been rebuilt, and the Margate Asylum enlarged very considerably to enable the "oral" system to be carried out on its proper lines. Twenty boys and ten girls were admitted.

Sir Lionel Pilkington has given as a recreation-ground for the inhabitants of the local board district of Sandall, Yorkshire, the land surrounding the historical castle at Sandall, memorable in the Wars of the Roses.

The half-yearly general meeting of the governors of the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution was held at the office in Sackville-street on Tuesday, Sir T. W. Waller in the chair. The report showed that 2318 convalescent patients had been received into the three homes at Walton-on-Thames, Kingston-hill, and Bexhill-on-Sea, a large proportion of these patients having been thoroughly restored to health after about three weeks' residence. There had been a falling off in the annual subscriptions to the charity through death and other causes, and funds were greatly wanted.

The proprietors of the Sheffield Waterworks on Monday confirmed the terms of agreement for the sale of the undertaking to the Corporation, equivalent to a purchase-price of rather over £2,000,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A discussion took place on Monday in the French Chamber, in which the conduct of the Government was called in question, and the Boulanger demonstration was also brought up. The Government demanded the order of the day, pure and simple, which was carried by 382 votes to 120.—M. Floquet, the President of the Chamber, sent in his formal resignation, owing to some remarks made by M. Rouvier at Monday's sitting. The House, however, refused to accept the resignation, and M. Floquet withdrew it.—General Boulanger, lately Minister of War, was most enthusiastically cheered on Friday evening last week on leaving Paris for his new military command. His carriage was followed through the city by a crowd, who manifested their attachment to him, and at the Lyons railway station at least ten thousand people vociferously applauded him, and he was carried in triumph to the train. Following this boisterous demonstration, crowds assembled at all the stations where the train stopped on its way to Clermont-Ferrand, and gave the General a hearty greeting. He made his official entry of the town on Sunday morning; and to a speech of welcome from the Mayor, General Boulanger replied that he was a Republican, deeply interested in the welfare of the Army and the greatness of the country.—Lord Lyons on Sunday laid the foundation-stone of a new church to be erected in the Rue des Bassins, to replace the Marbeuf Church which was pulled down some years ago. The new church is, in honour of the Jubilee, to be called the Victoria Chapel. The silver trowel used on this occasion was a beautiful specimen of art silver-work, and did great credit to Messrs. Hancock and Co., the Royal silversmiths, of New Bond-street, London, by whom it was manufactured.

An international competition of science and industry will be opened at Brussels May 1, 1888, under the patronage of the King. This exhibition-competition, the duration of which is fixed for a period of six months, will, it is stated, appear under new, ingenious, and particularly interesting conditions.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Madrid yesterday week, and in the afternoon was received at the palace by Queen Christina, who expressed the hope that Queen Victoria had not suffered from the excitement in connection with the Jubilee celebrations. On Saturday the Duke visited various churches and the museum in Madrid, as well as the exhibition of objects from the Philippine Islands. A banquet was given at the palace at night, in honour of his Royal Highness, to whom the Queen Regent has sent the Grand Cross of the Order of Charles III. A grand dinner was given on Sunday night at the British Legation at Madrid, in honour of the Duke. In the evening there was a brilliant reception, attended by 300 persons. The Duke on Monday took leave of the Queen Regent, and left for Valencia in the evening. The Queen Regent and the members of the Royal family left Madrid on Tuesday morning for La Granja.

The Emperor William continues in good health. On Monday he left Ems for Coblenz.—Judgment was given on the 8th inst. by the Imperial Court at Leipsic in the treason trial. Klein was condemned to six years' imprisonment in a penitentiary, and Grebert to five years; Erhart was acquitted.

The Bulgarian Sobranje on the 7th inst. unanimously elected Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg Prince of Bulgaria. The Prince has signified to the Sobranje his acceptance of the Bulgarian throne, subject to the sanction of his election by the Powers. Prince Ferdinand is the younger son of the deceased Duke Philip. His mother is Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis Philippe, the greater part of whose fortune she inherited, and this will devolve on Prince Ferdinand. The young Prince is twenty-six years of age. The Bulgarian Regents have resigned office; and a new Ministry has been formed under M. Stoiloff.

A fire broke out in the citadel of Quebec on the 16th inst., doing great damage.—The Synod of Nova Scotia has elected the Rev. Dr. Edgehill, Chaplain-General to the Forces, as Bishop of the diocese.

The Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, has published a decree of major excommunication against Father McGlynn.—Two terrible disasters are reported from the United States. At Hurley, in Wisconsin, half the business portion of the town has been destroyed by a fire which broke out in the Variety Theatre, where seventeen persons were burned to death. A yacht, while returning to New York with a large party of holiday-makers, capsized, and twenty-seven were drowned.

The Cape of Good Hope Budget shows the revenue for the year ended June 30 to have been £3,155,000, and the expenditure had been reduced to the same amount. The estimated expenditure for the year ending June 30 next is £3,147,000, and the estimated revenue for the same period £3,186,000.

As the result of a successful expedition, under Lieutenant M'Swiny, against a body of dacoits near Baw, in Burmah, two Bohs and eight dacoits were killed, and one Boh and nineteen dacoits taken prisoners, ninety-three guns and sixty-four Dahs being captured, and 120 head of dacoited cattle retaken.

An Imperial edict has been issued authorising the construction of a railway from Peking to Canton. Chinese capital is to be employed in the work.

According to the Philadelphia correspondent of the Times a revolution has occurred in Hawaii, and a new Ministry been formed, the King being practically without power.—The Hawaiian Consul-General with reference to the reported damage done by the volcano in Hawaii, and the consequent loss of life, states that nothing is known of any such occurrence.

The Masters of the Inner Temple Bench have awarded pupil scholarships of 100 guineas each to the under-mentioned students:—Common Law, G. M. Rushforth; Equity, F. G. Underhay; and Real Property Law, W. A. D. Bell.

An alarming accident occurred in the Thames last Saturday, a drifting barge having run into the London Steam-boat Company's steamer Princess Mary, which was crowded with passengers. A panic arose, and many passengers jumped or were thrown into the river. All were, however, rescued and conveyed to the shore.

Lord Boston, who owns extensive estates in Anglesea, has intimated to his tenantry that the reductions which he recently made in his rents are now to be regarded as permanent; and his Lordship has returned 10 per cent to certain of his leasehold tenantry in Carnarvonshire.—Lord Windsor has also made an abatement of 20 per cent in the rents of the agricultural tenants on his extensive estates in Wales which have now become due.

The sale of the large collection of old engravings of all schools formed by the late Mr. Roupell, Q.C., occupied the greater part of last week at Messrs. Christie's, and some rather high prices were obtained for the rarer prints, the total of the engravings being £2474. The collection of old masters' drawings has been sold this week.—Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods sold last Saturday a number of pictures from several different collections, the only important picture being a portrait of a Miss Anne Batson, by Gainsborough, which was bought by Messrs. Agnew for £5092 10s.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The saying is that doctors differ. It is quite certain that opinion is considerably divided, and people differ remarkably, about "The Doctor." Mr. Burnand, on the opening night, was tossed about like a football between two factions in a dissident audience. All who applauded the witty lines in "The Doctor" were told they had been sent in with an order, and were hooted, accordingly. All who objected to any part of the play, and grumbled at it, were politely told that they had been hired to hiss. In such a bellicose atmosphere as this, any play suffers; and not only the play, but all connected with it. The manager has risked capital, the author has invested time, the artists have staked energy—and all these personal contributions are in jeopardy because an old feud is being fought out in the gallery. On such occasions—and they are far too frequent—the utmost pity must be extended to the artists on the stage. Nervous in any case, they become almost speechless when exposed to one of these deplorable gallery wrangles. In the case of "The Doctor," much was at stake. Miss Fanny Enson, a young actress who has done good work in the country, but who is not very well known in London, had ultimately been selected for a part that had at various times and seasons been awarded to Mrs. Kendal, Miss Amy Roselle, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Sophie Eyre, Miss Henrietta Lindley, Miss Helen Barry, Miss Kate Phillips, and Miss Fanny Brough—who, by-the-way, would have played the part remarkably well had she been tried. However, indulgence, in any case, was due to Miss Fanny Enson. Poor lady! when she came on she looked as frightened as a hare; not nervous as an actress usually is, but scared, as if she had received a shock. And well she might look scared, when she had to play in presence of such a din! Mr. Penley, again, is not the style of actor who can face a storm and hold his own. His nervous style and mild manner require coaxing and encouragement. So the play was tossed into an uncongenial atmosphere at the outset. When all was over the same game of hit and miss was played. One critic said that the play was clever, another that it was rubbish; one thought Mr. Burnand had done his work admirably, another declared that he had missed every point. One declared the Doctor was amusing, another that he was dull. Who shall pronounce when doctors disagree? The best way in such a case is for the public to decide for themselves, for what is one man's meat is another man's poison. There was, certainly, plenty of laughter when "The Doctor" was produced, and the dialogue throughout is in the author's happiest vein.

On one point those at issue must certainly come to terms. Mr. Burnand has contrived to extract all the riskiness and suggestiveness from the text of the French "Doctoresse." No lady need smile or smirk behind her fan. There are no double meanings or questionable jokes, and for French pruriency has been supplied honest English humour. This is no slight compliment, for the task was a difficult one, especially in the third act, to which Mr. Burnand has given a dash of comedy as good as anything he did for "The Colonel."

If I mistake not, the verdict of the first night's audience will not be ratified, so far as the leading characters are concerned. Miss Fanny Enson's comedy is far better than her farce. Her earnestness is preferable to her fun; but she is pleasant always, and in the last act shows remarkable tact. Mr. Penley will work up the lady-doctor's little husband into a very comic part for himself, and, in the distant future, people will be surprised how it was that the play and the players were ever abused. If Mr. Hill, Mr. Kemble, Miss Victor, and several of the minor cast would only take heart and understand that the characters they have to play are funny and capable of humorous treatment, all would be well. A play that is based on a funny idea, and that is written with a keen sense of humour, is a difficult thing to kill.

Rider Haggard is the success of the hour, and it was natural that young dramatists in need of a plot should turn to him for assistance. Two clever young men have pounced down upon "Dawn," and out of it they have made what, with a little care, will turn out a good and popular play. "Devil Caresfoot" is the name of the drama that has been submitted to the scrutiny of an afternoon audience, and that came out of the ordeal with considerable success. Two things brought this about. First, a vigorous story; and secondly, acting that, from first to last, was remarkably good. The idea of the play is briefly this: a pair of young and enthusiastic lovers have to undergo the agony of a year's separation, imposed on them by an angry parent. Romeo goes to New York, whilst Juliet remains at home to be persecuted by a cool, calculating, and designing cousin, this Devil Caresfoot. There is little new in the idea that a girl so situated is made to believe that her lover is dead, and that she marries the man she hates to get her father out of a scrape. All this is as old as the hills. But it is freshly told in the new play, and the meeting of the separated lovers after the luckless marriage is really a fine scene. It certainly brought to the front an actor, and particularly an actress, who might have waited long for such a valuable opportunity. Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Fuller Mellish were the heroine and hero of the hour. Miss Achurch did far more than show a capacity for playing pretty love-scenes and posing as the interesting and love-lorn heroine. In her great scene she showed that some day she will touch tragedy, and that she is not afraid to abandon herself to a tragic position. Let her not think, however, that the game is won by such a performance as this. Both she and Mr. Fuller Mellish have much to learn, much to study and undergo. The one is not yet a Rachel, or the other a Fechter, as their friends will very probably insinuate that they are. But they are artists, both of them, of remarkable promise, and they should be encouraged in every way. A most difficult character, that of Devil Caresfoot, was very well and thoughtfully played by Mr. Charles Charrington; and Mr. Royce Carleton, Mr. Dods-worth, Miss Charlotte Addison, and notably Miss Fanny Brough, all distinguished themselves. The play is pretty certain to be seen again, and the public will be gratified if it is as well played on another occasion. The close of the season has certainly discovered a very promising play, and given increased faith in the capacity of our younger actors, many of whom are Dramatic Students: so it is a feather in the cap of that excellent society.

Mr. Alfred Stevens has been elected a member of the Society of British Artists.

The communication with Ostend, with its beautiful Digne and Kursaal, has been greatly facilitated by the new fast mail-steamers which the Belgian Government have recently put on by way of Dover, leaving three times a day at reduced fares.

The Countess of Carnarvon, on behalf of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, opened on Thursday a Children's Playground at Haverstock-hill. Acting on behalf of the same association, the Duchess of Leeds will, next Monday, open the disused burial-ground of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, for public recreation; and on Wednesday the Countess of Strafford will declare the burial-ground of St. Anne's, Limehouse, open for public recreation.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT NEWCASTLE.

On Tuesday the Prince of Wales and his two sons, who were guests of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., at Blagdon, Northumberland, visited the show-ground of the Royal Agricultural Society at Newcastle. Their Royal Highnesses were received in the Pavilion by the Council of the Society, and the business of the general meeting was opened. Lord Egerton of Tatton, the president, was in the chair. The Prince of Wales presented the prizes. He also proposed a vote of thanks to the civic authorities of Newcastle for their reception of the Society. Prince Albert Victor was elected a member of the Society, and Sir Matthew Ridley president. The proceedings concluded with cheers for the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards witnessed the horse parade, and inspected nearly all the best departments of the show. In the evening, a select dinner-party met Sir Matthew Ridley and his Royal guests at Blagdon. Amongst them were Lord Armstrong, Sir Benjamin Browne, Mayor, and Mr. W. H. Stephens, Sheriff of Newcastle.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

We refer to the Plan, which is presented on another page, of the order in which the fleet will be placed at Spithead on Saturday next, the 23rd inst., in three squadrons, formed in two parallel lines, along nearly one and three-quarter sea-miles, extending from a point one mile west of Ryde, on the Isle of Wight shore, eastward to a point nearly opposite Southsea Castle and the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour. The torpedo-boats and gun-boats, in five flotillas, will lie nearer the shore, from Stokes Bay, in front of Gilkicker Point, off Fort Monckton and the Spit Fort, where the training-brigs will lie inside. The Admiralty transport-ships and large merchant-steamers will lie in front of Ryde and eastward, on the Isle of Wight side of the channel. According to the latest arrangements, the Queen will arrive at Portsmouth about noon from Osborne, Isle of Wight, and will embark on board the Victoria and Albert for her passage through the lines of ships to be reviewed. Previous to the Queen's passage, the transports, bearing distinguished guests, will have made the tour of the fleet, and will draw up in line opposite Ryde. The fleet will be under the command of Admiral Sir George Wiles, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, on board H.M.S. Inflexible. Her Majesty will steam in the Victoria and Albert along the lines of the fleet, which will be formed up as follows:—On the left of the Queen's passage, the torpedo flotillas, with the ships Bramble, Gorgon, Hydra, Cyclops, and Glatton heading them. On the right of the first passage, ships will be anchored in the following order, with Portsmouth on the left and Ryde on the right:—Arethusa, Calypso, Rover, Mohawk, Amphion, Shannon, Neptune, Ajax, Devastation, Edinburgh, Rattlesnake, Archer, Inflexible, Iron Duke, Collingwood, Black Prince, and Agincourt. These are to form the first line; and then her Majesty will turn to the right and go down the second line, which will be parallel, having upon her left the following ships in order:—Minotaur, Impérieuse, Conqueror, Sultan, Monarch, Mercury, Curlew, Hercules, Hotspur, Invincible, Rupert, Belleisle, Mersey, Fearless, Active, Volage, and Inconstant. The Queen will then again enter the fleet, the Victoria and Albert turning to the left, and will pass the following ships upon her right, mostly occupied by guests:—Wye, Valorous, Thalia, Assistance, Humber, Himalaya, Tamar, Orontes, Crocodile, Euphrates, Jumna, Malabar, and Serapis. The Queen will then return to the Isle of Wight. At half-past nine in the evening, a grand illumination of the assembled ships which have formed the lines reviewed will take place by signal, all lighting up at the same time, throwing up volleys of rockets. From stem to stern of each ship there will be lines of blue-lights. The Queen will see this brilliant spectacle from the terrace of Osborne House, East Cowes.

The foreign ships of war, which are not notified in the above list, will lie in front of the first line her Majesty passes through of her regular navy, close to Gilkicker Point. The German flotilla of gun-boats, under Prince Henry of Prussia, will be among these. The following vessels, mostly troop-ships, will lie close to Ryde jetty, bearing distinguished guests—namely, the Admiralty yacht Enchantress, with the Board of Admiralty; the Euphrates, with the Cabinet and House of Lords; Crocodile, with the House of Commons; Malabar, with Indian officials; Helicon, with Ambassadors and Diplomats; Fire Queen, Hawk, Seamew, Triton, and Humber, with officials of Headquarters Staff, Portsmouth; Skylark, with Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth; Jumna, Serapis, Assistance, Valorous, Thalia, Himalaya, Tamar, and Orontes, for general ticket holders from the Admiralty.

The Bishop of London and Mrs. Temple gave their last garden-party at the Episcopal Palace, Fulham, last Saturday.

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution is about to place a life-boat, possessing all the latest improvements, at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight. The boat is to be called, with the sanction of her Majesty, the Queen Victoria, and the inaugural demonstration will take place at Bembridge on Monday afternoon, the 25th inst., when the ceremony of naming the boat will be performed by Princess Henry of Battenberg, who will be accompanied on the occasion by Prince Henry.

In London 2562 births and 1610 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 81 below, while the deaths exceeded by 59 the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 77 from measles, 25 from scarlet fever, 11 from diphtheria, 86 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 14 from enteric fever, 133 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 9 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, and not one from smallpox or ill-defined form of fever.

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SMOKING IN INDIA.

BY A HINDOO.

Tobacco is believed to have been introduced into India by the Portuguese, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Emperor Jehanghir, in the fourteenth year of his reign, when at Lahore, forbade the use of the weed, condemning all who smoked it to have their lips cut; and several persons in Lahore who disobeyed the order were led round the town mounted on an ass, with their face to the tail, and their visage blackened—a punishment inflicted for infraction of Imperial mandates. But, notwithstanding the Imperial edict, the decision of the Moulvies or high priests, and the contention of the Muslim purists against it, the progress of tobacco among the Indian Mohammedans has been very fast and wide; and, at the present day, smoking is indulged in by nearly every Mussulman, high or low, male or female. It is allowed even in the mosques. The Brahmans could not resist long the charms of the weed, which is now-a-days smoked by Hindoos of all ranks and castes, none losing his caste thereby. But smoking is not permitted in the Hindoo temples, nor at any place where a religious ceremony or solemn rite is performed; neither is a Hindoo allowed to taste the weed during the period of mourning or of any religious observance. Respectable Hindoo women never smoke. There might be some exceptions, and in a country like India, so diverse in the customs and manners of its peoples, it would not be a matter of surprise if there were some parts where the Hindoo men and women, like the Mohammedans, both smoked equally well. Some Hindoo women chew tobacco, or mix a leaf or two with their betel.

The East Indies have long possessed a great many varieties of the species of the tobacco genus *Nicotiana*, and increasing quantities and values of the tobacco, raw and manufactured, are being exported from India. On an average about twelve million pounds have been shipped to different parts of the world during the last four years, the largest shipments being to Great Britain, America, the Persian Gulf, and Arabia. At the same time about one-and-a-half million pounds have been imported into India, mostly for the consumption by the Europeans, who are accustomed to tobacco of a better cut and curing than can be had in India. The tobaccos of Trichinopoly and Dindigul, in the Madras Presidency, are celebrated, and are manufactured into cheroots—all having a piece of straw in them, large quantities of which have been lately exported for the London market. The price of tobacco varies a good deal in India, according to the quality and locality. It is sold retail from as low as 1d. per lb. to 6d. per lb. and upwards. But pure tobacco is rarely smoked by the people of India, it being invariably mixed with softening stuffs. Shopkeepers, buying the leaves, pound them at home, mixing spices, and keep the mixture steeped in some sweet liquid, in earthen jars, selling this preparation to the public after some time. Private individuals often keep a quantity of tobacco, mixed with treacle, spices, and other stuffs, buried under ground in large earthen jars, and take it out after years, when the preparation is believed to taste cool and sweet. Some people mix musk or attar with their tobacco. The ordinary mixture is sold in the shops at about a shilling a pound or under.

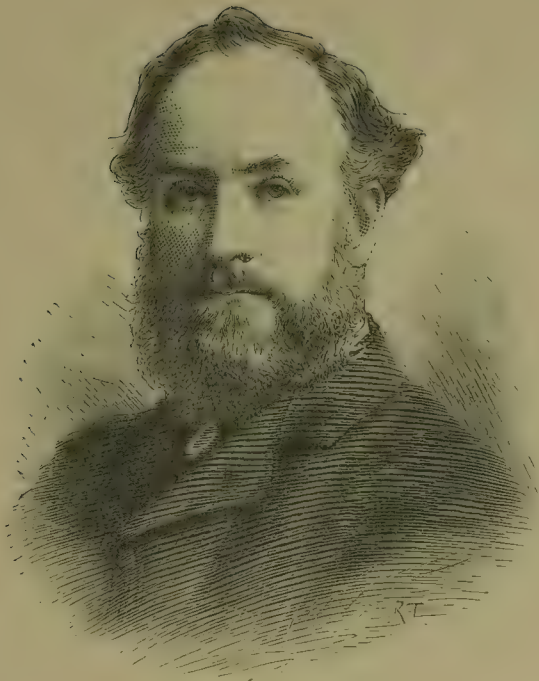
The common apparatus for smoking in India is the hubble-bubble, or hookah. There are several kinds of this instrument, the most elaborate one consisting of three principal parts. First, a conical glass, brass, or silver bottle, half-filled with water, which is replaced every morning, or oftener, by fresh, cool water. Second, a hollow pipe, generally wooden, often covered with cloth, and ornamented, about two feet long; one end of which, passing through the head of the bottle, reaches down into the water; and on the other end, which is vertically above the bottle, is placed an earthenware or metallic cup, with a perforated, turban-shaped silver cover, with small ornamental chains over it, which holds the tobacco with a few pieces of live charcoal on it. Third, the snake-like coil of flexible tube, two to five yards long, made of a long coil of iron wire covered with coloured cloth and ornamented, one end of which is inserted in the vacuum of the bottle, and to the other end is fitted a curved, ornamented, silver mouthpiece; the cooled and purified smoke being drawn up with a bubbling noise through the water—hence the English name, "hubble-bubble," of the hookah.

A handier one is that in which the coil is replaced by a short bent pipe, the other parts being simpler, and made of inexpensive materials. Then another common kind consists merely of a black wooden (sometimes mounted with silver) bulb, and a vertical tube standing in it, with a small cup at the top; and the mouth is applied to a small hole in the bulb or to a removable mouthpiece, 2 in. long, inserted in it; the whole apparatus being about a yard long. The *nargyle*, the pipe of the poor classes, is only a foot long, the bulb being a hollow cocoanut shell—the *nargl*, whence its name. With some people a piece of hollow bamboo-stick serves for a pipe; others improvise a cigar by rolling the green leaf of a tree into the form of a cone and filling it with tobacco.

In India people smoke a great deal more than they do here, some consuming as much as three quarters of a pound a week; but it must be remembered that it is the mixture and not pure tobacco that they smoke. In some parts, the workmen smoke before work, during work, and after work. Indeed, with a great many people the hookah is in request at all hours of the day. The lower classes, frequently smoke in companies, with one hubble-bubble of the cheapest kind. All sitting round in a ring, the pipe passes from one to another, each taking a few whiffs in his turn. This is never done by the higher orders. But in some towns the richer classes have smoking parties, at which a select company of friends sit round a most elaborate hookah with many coils of pipes furnished with distinct mouthpieces, all smoking at the same time out of the same hubble-bubble, in whose cup burns a heap of scented tobacco. Respectable Hindoos always keep a stock of differently-marked hookahs of the simpler kinds, one for each caste.

The hookah is a great definer of etiquette in India. In the presence of the King or Nawab, no subject, however high his rank may be, can presume to smoke. In native courts or private houses only those who are considered equal in rank are entitled to the privilege of smoking with the host, who offers the pipe to them. In general, one can never smoke before his superior in rank, unless he is bidden to do so. A son can rarely be persuaded to smoke a hookah before his mother or father; this does not originate in fear or mere etiquette, but in genuine respect. Amongst the Mohammedans it is a common practice with the master or mistress of the house to present the hookah to his or her guest, or to his or her favoured guest—a mark of attention which is always to be duly appreciated. In native Courts, at the durbars, on State occasions, hookahs are presented only to the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, or the Resident at his Court who are considered equal in rank, and therefore entitled to the privilege of smoking with the Rajah or Nawab. Should they dislike smoking, a hint is readily understood by the hookah-bearer to bring the hookah, charged with the materials, without the addition of fire. Applications of the mouthpiece to the mouth indicate a sense of the honour conferred.

PLAN OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD, JULY 23.



MR. HALLEY STEWART, M.P.
ELECTED FOR THE SPALDING DIVISION OF LINCOLNSHIRE.



MISS ARNOLDSON.
THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.



MR. LEWIS MORRIS.
AUTHOR OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE JUBILEE ODE.

MR. HALLEY STEWART, M.P.

The result of the poll in the election for the Spalding division of Lincolnshire, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of the Hon. M. G. Finch-Hatton to the House of Lords, was declared on Saturday last. Mr. Halley Stewart, who had been

a candidate on former occasions, a follower of Mr. Gladstone, obtained 5110 votes, having a majority of 747 over his Conservative opponent, Rear-Admiral Tryon, who lately commanded the naval squadron on the Australian station. Mr. Halley Stewart, who now enters Parliament for the first time, resides at St. Leonards, Sussex. He is a son of a former Congregational minister at Barnet, the Rev. A. Stewart. He was born about the year 1838, and was the founder and for some time proprietor of the *Hastings and St. Leonards Times*. He is now, in conjunction with other members of his family, the owner of an oilseed manufacturing mill at Rochester. He is

an active member of the English Congregational body, and treasurer of the Sussex Widows' Fund belonging to that denomination. He is also a member of the Executive Committee of the Free Land League. He married Miss Atkinson, of Hastings, Sussex. Mr. Halley Stewart is the twenty-second new member added to the present Parliament.



DISASTER AT ZUG, SWITZERLAND: FALL OF HOUSES INTO THE LAKE.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE FESTIVAL AT MALVERN: FLORAL CAR DRAWN BY OXEN.



JUBILEE FESTIVAL AT MALVERN: FLORAL CAR DRAWN BY HORSES.

THE DISASTER AT ZUG.

The Swiss town of Zug, on the eastern shore of the Lake of Zug, some thirty miles south of Zurich and nearly that distance north-east of Lucerne, suffered a grievous calamity last week. During several days before, crevices had been observed in the new quay, which had just cost £8000. At half-past two on Tuesday afternoon the lake in front of the stonework began to bubble, the quay began to crack, and presently 80 ft. of it fell into the lake. A dozen people rushed out from a neighbouring café, and were drowned. After a short interval another slip occurred, dragging several houses into the water. The landing-stage followed, and a steamer which had just arrived was hurled forward some distance. Towards four o'clock two boats, proceeding to the rescue, were swallowed up; one boatman rose to the surface, the other was seen no more. A boatman's hut, with three children in it, was precipitated into the lake. Every effort was made to save life and property; furniture and cattle were hurriedly removed. At seven o'clock in the evening the landslips recommenced. Several carts transporting furniture sank into the lake. Fifteen houses and ten huts disappeared in a few minutes; amongst them was the Hôtel de Zurich, the roof of which may still be seen above the water; it was four storeys high. A café where ten people were seated was next engulfed. One hundred and fifty metres of the neighbouring street then slowly vanished. Several people had time to jump from windows on the first and second floors, and thus escaped. A party of officers returning from Lucerne, assisted by the local fire-brigade, organised the first help; but as danger increased, troops were summoned from Baar. The third landslip occurred at eleven o'clock that night, carrying five houses into the lake and damaging many others. The municipal treasure was removed from the Townhall to the post-office. Seventy persons are said to be missing. A cradle with a child in it was found floating on the lake. Six hundred people are homeless. The damage is estimated at a million francs. Thousands of people come from the surrounding neighbourhood to view the scene of the accident.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The Hon. Louis Greville, third son of the Earl of Warwick, and Miss Lily Gordon, daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Gordon, were married on Tuesday afternoon in Holy Trinity Church, West-hill, Wandsworth. Captain the Hon. Alwyne Greville, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man; and the bride was attended by four bridesmaids—Lady Eva Greville, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Evelyn Bright, Miss Maud Charteris, and Miss Eleanor Gordon. The bride was led to the altar by Mr. James Gordon, her uncle; her train being held by the Hon. Guy Greville, nephew of the bridegroom.

A fashionable congregation assembled on Tuesday at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, to witness the marriage of Mr. Champion B. Russell, son of the late Colonel Russell, of Stubbers, Essex, with the Honourable Isabel Bruce, daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdare. Owing to the recent death of the bridegroom's father, the ceremony was a quiet one, and was attended by only the nearest relatives of the two families. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a costume of white duchesse satin, elaborately trimmed with Brussels lace and sprays of orange blossom.

Mr. Thomas Hudson Bearne, of University College, London, was on Monday afternoon elected Professor of Chemistry and Engineering in the new Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

At the ceremony of the Queen laying the foundation-stone of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington, of which we gave an illustration last week, an Ode, written for the occasion by Mr. Lewis Morris, with music composed for it by Sir Arthur Sullivan, was sung by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society and the pupils of the Royal College of Music. It is likely that Mr. Lewis Morris was invited to undertake the task of writing this Ode upon account of the general public approval of his "Song of Empire," a piece included in his recently-published volume, "Songs of Britain," which was reviewed in our Journal two months ago. He has, indeed, been known as a poet during the past twelve or fifteen years, his "Songs of Two Worlds, by a New Writer," having appeared from 1872 to 1875, and his "Epic of Hades" in 1877. He is a Welshman, born near Carmarthen, in 1834, and was educated at Sherborne grammar school and at Jesus College, Oxford, where he won the Chancellor's prize in 1855 and the English essay prize in 1858; he was called to the Bar in 1861, and was Liberal candidate in 1881 for the Carmarthen Burghs, and in 1886 for the Pembroke Burghs, but has not yet gained a seat in Parliament. His later works, before the "Songs of Britain," were "Gwen, a Drama in Monologue," "The Ode of Life," "Songs Unsung," included "Clytemnestra in Paris" and the classical tragedy of "Gycia." The following are two verses of his Jubilee Ode for the Imperial Institute:—

No more we seek our Realm's increase
By War's red rapine, but by white-winged Peace;
To-day we seek to bind in one,
Till all our Britain's work be done—
Through wider Knowledge closer grown,
As each fair sister by the rest is known,
And mutual Commerce, mighty to efface
The envious bars of Time and Place,
Deep-pulsing from a common heart
And through a common speech expressed—
From North to South, from East to West,
Our great World Empire's every part;
A universal Britain, strong
To raise up Right and beat down Wrong—
Let this thing be! who shall our Realm divide?
Ever we stand together, Kinsmen, side by side!

To-day we would make free
Our millions of their glorious heritage;
Here, Labour crowds in hopeless misery,
There, is unbounded work and ready wage,
The salt breeze calling stirs our Northern blood,
Lead we the toilers to their certain good;
Guide we their feet to where
Is spread for those who dare
A happier Britain 'neath an ampler air.
Uprise, oh, Palace fair!
With ordered knowledge of each far-off land
For all to understand!
Uprise, oh, Palace fair, where for the poor shall be
Wise thought and love to guide o'er the dividing sea!

The cricket-match at Lord's between Eton and Harrow ended in the victory of the first-named by five wickets.

In the large Queen's Hall of the People's Palace last week Mr. A. F. Hills entertained upwards of 660 guests on food-reform principles at the first of a series of fruit dinners to be held each Wednesday in July.

Mr. S. C. Lister, of Bradford, High Sheriff of Yorkshire, whose name was gazetted for a baronetcy in the list of Jubilee honours recently issued, announces that although he feels very highly the honour which her Majesty sought to confer upon him, he does not intend to avail himself of it. No reason is given for this determination.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

The accomplished young Swedish artist, Mdle. Sigrid Arnoldson, whose portrait is given this week, has made a sudden success here without any of the previous flourishes which have heralded the advent of some of the popular singers of past days. This lady was born in Stockholm, in 1867. She is the daughter of the late Oscar Arnoldson, who was the leading lyric tenor of Sweden. When quite a child, she frequently accompanied her father to the Royal Theatre at Stockholm, where she early acquired a taste for singing as well as acting. Madame Christine Nilsson, in one of her visits to Stockholm, heard Mdle. Arnoldson sing, and was struck with her sympathetic and beautiful voice. On her return to Paris, she acquainted M. Maurice Strakosch with her discovery. He was so favourably impressed with the account that he immediately repaired to Stockholm, and, on hearing Mdle. Arnoldson, advised her to leave for Berlin to study under Madame Artôt de Padilla. She made rapid progress under her able tutor, and was invited to sing at Court concerts. Her education being completed, she was first engaged, at a large salary, at the Italian Opera in Moscow, where she sang in "Lakmé," "Dinorah," "Il Barbiere," "La Traviata," and "Don Giovanni." In all of these operas she achieved success. On completing her engagement in Moscow she journeyed to Paris, where she had the good fortune to study "Mignon," "Lakmé," and "Manon," under their respective composers, Messrs. Thomas, Délibes, and Massenet, who have offered her the principal parts in the several operas which they are now composing. She was engaged by Mr. Augustus Harris, and first became known in London by her charming performance as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," at Drury-Lane Theatre last month. On that occasion, and subsequently in her performance as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," we have borne testimony to her exceptional merits as a vocalist possessed of great natural gifts, enhanced by artistic cultivation.

The freedom of the borough of Barrow-in-Furness was conferred, for the first time since the incorporation of the town in 1867, on the Marquis of Hartington, on the occasion of the opening of the new Townhall by his Lordship on Thursday.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has consented to present to the Queen a testimony of "love and loyalty" from the Ragged School Union, in the shape of an address, accompanied by a volume with the signatures of upwards of 30,000 teachers and Ragged School children in the schools and missions in and around London.

The series of entertainments which, under the romantic title of "Arcadia," opened on Saturday in the well-known Agricultural Hall at Islington, are likely to be popular with North Londoners during the two months of their continuance. The hall has undergone quite a transformation, the vast building having been filled with beds of flowers, traversed by raised and winding walks, and decorated with innumerable lamps and Chinese lanterns. The most striking feature of the arrangements is an artificial waterfall, 40 ft. high, constructed by Messrs. Dick Radclyffe and Co., at the upper end of the hall. A large stage has also been erected, and upon this clever performances are given by Nizarea, a gymnast, the Nelson troupe of acrobats, Astarte, Madame Zilla, and Baughmen and Aldine, the two last-named performers giving a remarkable exhibition of their skill as rifle shots. The entertainment also includes some extraordinary flying-trapeze feats. "Arcadia" is under the energetic management of Mr. Harry Etherington.

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ARRIVE										
Edinburgh (Princes-st.)	4.15	5.50	7.45	10.10	See Note.	See Note.	6.50	9.00	12.52	
Glasgow (Central)	4.25	6.00	7.45	10.10	See Note.	See Note.	7.00	9.17	1.15	
Greenock	5.38	7.18	9.31	11.57	See Note.	See Note.	8.30	10.43	2.46	
Oban	9.36	10.10	12.20	12.20	2.34	6.17	
Perth	6.40	..	9.31	11.50	6.45	7.58	8.58	10.10	3.35	
Dundee	7.33	..	10.30	12.40	8.20	9.34	10.45	12.15	4.45	
Aberdeen	10.40	12.05	1.35	2.12	3.45	8.30	
Inverness	8.11	10.11	12.45	2.45	6.10	10.5

The 7.55 p.m. and the 8.40 p.m. Express Trains from Euston to Perth will run from Thursday, July 23, to Wednesday, Aug. 10 (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted). The trains will take stations with family parties and sleeping and ordinary carriages for Perth and beyond, but will not pick up passengers en route. By this means an undisturbed journey will be secured, and the earlier arrival at Perth will give ample time for breakfast, &c., before going forward to the Highlands. The Highland Railway Company have agreed to run the 7.55 p.m. express through to the Districts beyond Inverness, in advance of the 8.40 p.m. and Postal Trains.

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some Irish Whiskey which I procured through Mayne Reid
(Bushmills) was its name, which was highly esteemed."
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certain reminiscences of mine, of a robust and wholesome
alcoholic stimulant called 'Bushmills' Whiskey, has led the
proprietors of the famous distillery in Belfast to assure me
that their alcohol is still extant in its pristine excellence,
and, to confirm the assurance, send me a specimen of their
produce. 'All right,' we are assured by Mr. Stiggins, 'is wanted,'
but I am glad to find that a favourite 'whisky' of my youth
is as mellow and as innocuous as when first introduced to
my notice by my old friend, Captain Mayne-Reid." Address
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At the moment when all England has been so eagerly assisting
in the Jubilee Fete of the Queen, the English would be wanting
in courtesy did they not offer an acknowledgment to a French
town, probably the only one on the Continent, that has given
a similar exhibition, so successful a fete with such a sym-
pathetic and highly satisfactory sequel.

The town referred to is Boulogne-sur-Mer, which, although
nationally French, is in some respects, English in some of its
habits and customs. This is not surprising, as it is one of the
nearest to the English shores, and has ever been a favourite
with the English. It possesses admirable sea-baths, which have
been compared to a velvet carpet, and its "place," is the
admiration of all, who, desirous of a sea plunge, and change of
air, fleeing from the damp climate of England, go to Boulogne
for health and repose.

Boulogne gave her Jubilee Fete with the dignity becoming
the occasion, and not only were the sentiments of the popula-
tion with the event, but all was appropriate in its surround-
ings. This Fete Palace, directed by Mr. Hirschler, the
popular, added greatly to the scene which came off in the
magnificent grounds of the establishment. Ten thousand
jets of gas illuminated the scene, and were specially pre-
pared for this occasion. There was a monster concert
wherein "God save the Queen" was executed by ten artists,
musicians, and chorists, and a favourite troupe of London
artists, Messrs. Dulcett, gave a grand diversion upon a
raised platform, measuring 24 square yards, which was con-
structed for the occasion. The celebrated, and the only, French
acrobats who had succeeded in crossing the Channel in a
balloon, M. L'Hôte, was specially engaged for the purpose of
making a second essay of this nature, in which event Mr.
Hirschler had authorised the acrobat to convey his compari-
sons of sincere sympathy to his numerous clients and friends
in England; and it was only owing to the wind, which was
absolutely blowing in a contrary direction, that this friendly
messenger, M. L'Hôte, was prevented from carrying out
those instructions.

There is not sufficient space to give a detailed account of
this really interesting fete, which has had many a before
been seen in Boulogne. The English are invited to visit the
town where, in addition to the yellow sands, are sea-baths, a
swimming school, a hydropathic establishment, a first-class
restaurant, a comic opera troupe, and an orchestra worthy of
a Paris establishment. Concerts every day; balls three times
per week; and fireworks and fete are given in the grounds
of the Casino. English churches, English library, English
surgeons, dentists, and chemists, abound; and hotel-keepers,
conversant with English comforts and language. Boulogne
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The following superior first-class hotels are recommended:—
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There are also other comfortable Hotels, furnished Villas,
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Accommodation superior. Moderate charges.
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Principal, Mr. PLATRIER, for tariff, and references to English
parents.

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Hôtel des Alpes. First-class, 100 rooms. Hot and cold
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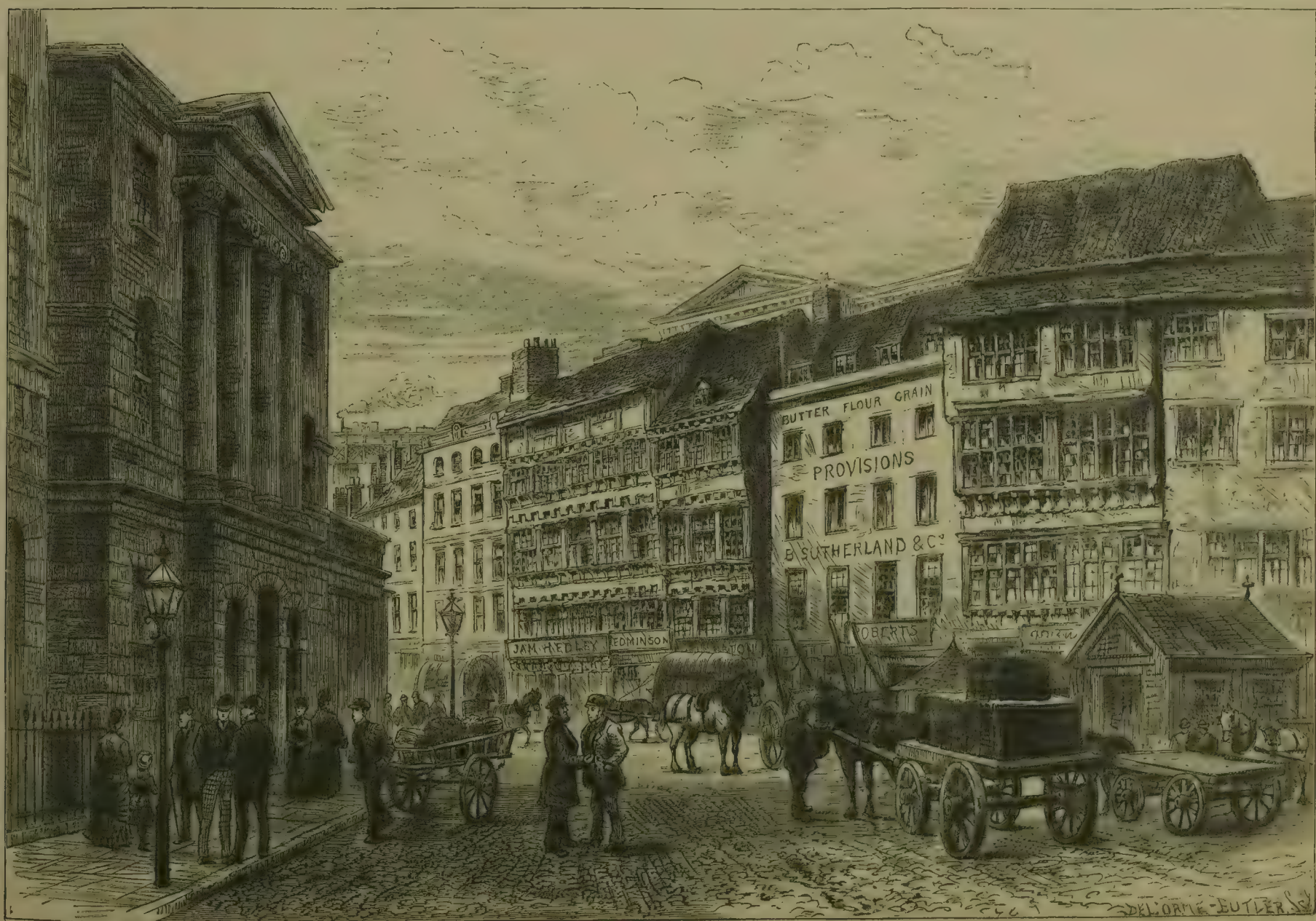
Of the three principal towns—York, Newcastle, and Berwick—which lie on the East Coast railway between the capitals of England and Scotland, Newcastle least favourably impresses the traveller. York city gathers around its noble minster. With the cleanly houses, fine suburbs, winding river, and the glimpses of old walls and towers, it forms, even from the railway carriage window, a picture at once pleasing and attractive. Berwick stands near the mouth of the noble Tweed, and there river and sea, rich and fertile fields, clustering tree-clad cliffs, and clambering town, leave ever a most pleasing impression on the mind. But the intermediary Newcastle seems always overhung with a cloud of smoke, and the precipitous river banks are crowded with old, tumble-down houses, many of which—dreary, miserable tenements as they are—cluster up to the railway sides. South, north, and west the approach is unfavourable, and the lovely dales of the Wear, or the Tyne, or the Coquet, through which the traveller has come, but serve to make contrast all the greater. Yet it is a stirring scene, for on both sides of the river the sister towns of Newcastle and Gateshead are busy hives of industry, whilst the dividing stream—the coally Tyne—is crowded with shipping, and to the east of the great spanning bridges, as far as the eye can reach, the Newcastle Quay is a mass of restless humanity. As we cross the High-Level Bridge, whereon we are nearly 120 ft. above the river, the whole scene comes into view; and, though the unfavourable aspect first strikes the eye, we

cannot but note prominent marks of that spirit of progress which has formed this metropolis of the north. If the approach is made at night, much of the gloom and dreariness is hidden. The myriad lights, which seem to ascend into the very heavens, mingling with the lamps of the firmament, the moving gleams on the river below, and here and there the glare of blast-furnace or coke-oven, combine to make a scene as startling as it is beautiful. Specially beautiful is it when the moon sheds her softening beams over all. Thus, the old town, though the young city, needs first to be seen at nightfall by the impressionable; but those who do not judge by first appearances will find that, like the northern people, the best side is not put outwards. It needs a closer acquaintance to form a just estimate: the result, after the closer acquaintance has been made, no Novocastrian ever fears. Few towns can equal this, either in the style of its streets and buildings or in the beauty of its surroundings.

History goes a long way back with the old town of Newcastle. Early in the second century, when the Emperor Publius Ælius Hadrianus erected the great wall from the Tyne to the Solway, on the present site of the town, was built the military station called Pons Ælii; and when the Romans had left Britain, the conflicts of the mediæval days often raged around this spot. The ruins of the old station were for a time occupied as a monastery, and thus the name was changed to Monkchester. The first castle of which there is

any record was of wood, built in the year 1080, by Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror. Ten years later it was replaced by a stone castle, erected by William Rufus, and from the term given to it, *novum castellum*, or new castle, the town received the name it yet bears. Around this "new castle on the Tyne" a population gathered, to secure the defence it afforded, and in process of time a wall was erected for the greater protection of the dwellings assembled. So the town was formed. Of this castle of Rufus no part remains, for the present grand old keep, which stands close to the end of the High-Level Bridge, was the work of Henry II., and formed part of a great castle, believed to have been built in the eighth decade of the twelfth century. From that time onward the history of the town is one of battle and strife, of privilege and penalty. Often had it to bear the brunt of war, and its convenience as a place of call, and as a source of supply, made it very often the resort of monarchs and commanders in their contests against the Scots. Its growth and influence caused it to be a place of great importance, and the sacrifices it often had to make won for it many privileges, some of which exist to this day.

The remains of the old castle are threefold—the Keep, or Donjon Tower, the Eastern Gateway, and the Black Gate, the latter being the principal entrance. Both the keep and Black Gate are shown in our views. The keep, or castle as it is usually called, is now in an excellent state of preservation,



THE SANDHILL, WITH THE OLD GUILDHALL AND THE SURTEES' HOUSE.

thanks to the Society of Antiquaries, in whose charge it has been placed. Forty years ago it was fast tumbling to pieces; but decay has been prevented without any interference of the Vandal, and the restorations have been in unison with the other portions of the buildings. The castle is open to visitors, and both for itself and its contents well repays a visit. Its massive walls, which in the lower storey are 14 feet thick, its defensive works, and the well 94 feet deep, all indicate the special dangers against which it was necessary to be prepared. The keep could be defended step by step, and its foes would find every barrier more difficult as they progressed. The great hall has witnessed many a stirring scene: Scottish Kings have done homage, and English Monarchs have held their courts here. Now it is the repository of memorials of the past. One chamber is used as the meeting-room of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and the president's chair is made of oak found in a prostrate forest beneath the foundations of the Roman Wall, and must thus be older than the Christian era.

Still within the castle precincts is the Castle Garth, now a narrow ruinous collection of broken-down shops, given over to the sale of old clothes. Only here at one time traders who were not freemen of the town might vend their wares, and it became a resort of unattached tradesmen. In later years it has been a kind of attenuated Petticoat-lane, but probably will soon be altogether obliterated. Not so the Black Gate, which has been repaired and secured against the designs of those who would have destroyed it. The Black Gate was erected in 1248, during the reign of Henry III. Formerly it was protected by drawbridge and fosse, no signs of which now remain. In the building is deposited the museum of the society above named, a collection which is unequalled in remains of the Romano-British period. Just one other piece of the original castle still stands—a gateway beyond the railway arches. Dr. Bruce, author of the great work on the Roman Wall, and the leading antiquarian of the city, has fully described the old castle in his handbook, and his introduction to the Exhibition catalogue contains some other notices of it.

It is not very long ago since the landmarks of the old town were obliterated. There are people still living who remember the time when a great portion of the town walls were standing; but now the remains are few, though these are well preserved. As might be expected, a town so exposed to the northern enemies had need of strong walls. Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., said that: "The strength and magnificence of the wauling of this town far passeth all the wauls of the cities of England, and of most of the towns of Europe." Embattled gateways, of which there appear to have been eight or nine, defended the principal roads. The walls themselves were eight feet thick and twelve feet high, and additional defence was given by a series of towers. Only one gateway remains, the Sallyport Gate, which stands gaunt and solitary near to the new City-road, in the eastern part of the town. Of this gate a view is given. Memorials of these gates are found in the nomenclature of some of the leading thoroughfares. Thus we have Westgate, the great road to the west; Newgate-street, named after the old prison-gate; and near to it, Gallowgate (where was one of the most famous cockpits of pre-prohibition days), deriving its cognomen because condemned prisoners were taken up that road to be executed on the town moor. Many other streets and roads are also named from places which have now passed away.

Of the towers, there are six specimens yet standing—namely, Gunner Tower, almost opposite the Central Station; Durham Tower, Heber Tower, Morden Tower, and Ever Tower in the west walls; and Plummer Tower, near the jail. Of these the best are the Heber, Morden, and Ever Towers, which, with the pieces of wall and the turrets, form very fine remains, unfortunately cramped by their surroundings. Until a few years ago there stood in New Bridge-street the Carliol Tower, a grand old building, which had formed the north-east corner of the walls; but it was removed to make way for the new free library, much to the regret of even those who felt that the needs of the present time demanded the sacrifice. The remnants of the old walls form what is known as the "West Walls," of which we give an illustration. They are within five minutes' walk of the Central Station, running from Westgate-road to Darn Crook. Marks may yet be traced of the conflicts of other days, for it was here where the hardest struggles took place. In 1640 and 1641, at each of which times the town was besieged and taken by the Scots, the walls suffered severely, and after the latter siege Parliament granted £2564 for their repair. In 1745, when the Pretender alarmed the North, the walls were again put into repair, since which time they have never been required, for the community of northern and southern Britons has obviated all necessity for defensive works.

Newcastle, like London and other old towns, bears about its ecclesiastical names, brought down from the days ere Reformation had destroyed the Papal power in England. In the northern town there are yet High Friar-street, Low Friar-street, Nuns-lane, Nuns-street, Monk-street, and the Friars. All the old residences of the religious orders, after which these places have been named, have passed away, save one—that known as "The Friars"—where may be seen some of the ecclesiastical buildings in which the Black or Dominican Friars resided. This example is within a stone's-throw of the Heber Tower in the west walls, and a passage from the street takes us into the quadrangle of the old monastery, now inhabited by quiet, decent folk, who seem to be infected by their surroundings. Old stone steps, small windows, quaint rooms are here; but several of the larger houses are occupied by those decaying heirlooms of a time when protection was rigidly enforced—against our own countrymen as well as foreigners—the trade guilds or companies. Within the quadrangle we learn that in one building the company of Skinners and Glovers is located; in another, the Tailors; and on some of the old fronts facing the street without we see other records. One quaint old house bears the words—

BY HAMER AND HAND
ALL ARTS DO STAND.
1679.

It would appear that after the Reformation the monastery of the Black Friars was granted by King Hal to the Mayor and Burgesses of Newcastle in consideration of the sum of £53 7s. 6d. and a yearly rent of 5s. 11½d. The Corporation then leased the house, orchards, and gardens to nine of the incorporated companies at a rent of 42s. per annum, and since that year (1539) several of these companies have continued to hold their meetings at the Friars.

Just one more remnant of ancient Newcastle can be mentioned ere we leave this part of the subject. This is the old tower, or King John's Palace, in the Armstrong Park, of which a View is given. At one time there must have been a fortified keep at this place, but now it is simply a picturesque ruin, surrounded by the beautiful park, which, thanks to the generosity of Newcastle's greatest citizen, Lord Armstrong, forms a place of resort for the great districts of Heaton, Byker, and Jesmond, to which it is contiguous. Tradition hath it that this tower was a place of retreat for King John when he came to this country. Bourne states that the village of Heaton was a part of the barony of Robert De Guagay, who "was a great man in the reign of King John, and

was entrusted by him with the government of divers castles at times, to defend against the rebellious Barons, which he did faithfully, and to his own advantage."

Newcastle cannot be called, as Norwich is, a city of churches; but it has one ecclesiastical building which is its pride and glory, about which praises have ever been sung, and which architects regard with delight. We speak of the old parish church of St. Nicholas, now the cathedral church of the newly-formed diocese of Northumberland. This, together with the old castle, forms the *coup d'œil*, when the town is entered from north or south by rail, its magnificent lantern dominating the whole city. So attracted was rare Ben Jonson with the church, that on his famous tour from London to Hawthornden, to visit the poet Drummond, he composed an enigma, which in itself is a great tribute to the beauty of St. Nicholas.

History is very sparing in its records as to the origin and foundation of this church. It is commonly supposed that so early as the reign of the Red King a church was erected, and tradition attributes the execution of the scheme to Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury, in 1091. There are some old records which appear to support this theory. How long the earlier building survived we are uninformed. It is, however, recorded that in 1216 the then church was destroyed by fire; but whether this was the first or a subsequent building can only be conjectured. In 1350 the present structure is supposed to have been finished, and probably there had been one between these dates. But the steeple may not unfairly be regarded as an addition to the original tower, for Gray, in his "Chorographia; or, A Survey of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," published in 1649, says:—"Saint Nicholas, in the midst of the town, is a long, faire, and high church, having a stately, high stone steeple, with many pinakles, a stately stone lanterne, standing upon four stone arches, builded by Robert De Rhodes." This Robert De Rhodes is generally assumed to have been an eminent lawyer, who flourished in the reign of Henry VI., and if that were so it would show the lantern to have been built about a hundred years after the church was finished. The same benefactor was most liberal in all his gifts to the various edifices in Newcastle. "The tower is engaged and opens to the nave and aisles by beautiful arches; the corners are bold buttresses, crowned by octagonal turrets, with pinnales; from the base of these turrets spring four flying buttresses, on the intersection of which is placed an elegant lantern, crowned with a spire. The flying buttresses are crocketed, and are peculiarly graceful in their forms. The steeple is as fine a composition as any of its date, and the lightness and boldness of the upper part can scarcely be exceeded." Such is a description by Mr. Rickman of this beautiful and daring piece of architecture. Native grace and beauty are not alone given to this spire, but tradition also casts a halo over it. The historian Bourne tells how that during the Civil Wars, when the Scots besieged the town for several weeks, the General of the army without the walls, desiring to hasten his operations, sent a messenger to the Mayor of the town, demanding its surrender, or he would demolish the steeple of St. Nicholas; but the wily Tynesider was equal to the occasion, for he immediately ordered a number of the principal Scottish prisoners to be confined below the lantern. Then he sent word to the General that they would defend the town to the last moment, adding, that the steeple of St. Nicholas was a beautiful and magnificent piece of architecture, and one of the great ornaments of the town, but yet should be blown to atoms before ransomed at such a rate. That, however, if it was to fall, it should not fall alone; for at the same moment he destroyed the beautiful structure, he should bathe his hands in the blood of his countrymen, who were placed there on purpose either to preserve it from ruin or to die with it. During the remainder of the siege the prisoners were kept there, and the lantern was uninjured.

Since its erection, the church has several times undergone alterations and repairs, in some of which, alas! irreparable injury has been done. Rather more than ten years ago the last repairs were completed, having been necessitated by the dangerous condition of the edifice, and especially of the steeple. But in this instance, though considerable alterations were made, by the removal of the screen which had divided the nave from the transepts and the chancel, yet care was taken not to injure the old monuments or to interfere with the general structure more than was absolutely necessary. Not so with the work executed a hundred years ago. Of what was done at that time Mackenzie says:—"The dilapidation committed upon the sepulchral monuments is as barbarous and unjustifiable an outrage as ever disgraced any age or place." Old monuments were sold for what they would realise; old brasses, which were not claimed by representatives of the families to which they belonged, were disposed of to the highest bidder; the iron railings around the tombstones were torn away and sold as old iron, and the church was denuded of what would now be regarded amongst its greatest ornaments. And for what purpose? To that question there is no reply, for the churchwardens' books contain no account of the money thus realised.

Internally the Cathedral Church of Newcastle is by no means imposing. It was built as the parish church, and never was intended to bear the greater name. Since its elevation, the generosity of citizens has somewhat relieved its bare aspect, and more will shortly be done in this direction. A reredos is to be erected at the east end of the church, at a cost of £4000, through the liberality of Mr. Percy Westmacott, one of the chief partners in the Armstrong Works; and a bishop's throne, chancel stalls, and other works, which will cost upwards of £5000, are in course of preparation. But though the interior is somewhat bare, the lines are very perfect, and the aspect on entering and standing beneath the tower is very fine. The pillars of the aisles recede beautifully, and the light diffusing itself through the several stained-glass windows produces a gorgeous yet solemn effect. These and the memories of the past, impress the mind greatly. Here, for two years John Knox, commissioned by the Government of Edward VI., thundered against the opponents of the Reformation. As the modern Solomon, or, as he was aptly termed, "the wisest fool in Christendom," journeyed south to be crowned James I. of England, here he worshipped; and his misguided son was preached at in this church during the time he was a prisoner at Anderson Place.

The internal monuments are interesting if they are not very numerous. The stained windows also are very fine, the majority being by Wailes, whose work is here seen at its best. Of the monuments the oldest is a mutilated recumbent figure of Peter de Manley, who was Warden of the Marches during the reign of Richard II. He is habited in a hauberk of chain mail and surcoat, with a sword and shield of arms, and a dog lies at his feet. There is a monument to an ancestor of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart. M.P., Matthew Ridley, of Blagdon, who was Mayor of Newcastle in 1745, during the period already referred to, when an attack from the Pretender was feared. A medallion below refers to this time. Newcastle, represented as a female crowned with turrets, clings to him for protection; he covers her with his shield, while with a sword in his right hand he resists rebellion. The great grandfather of the present Baronet is represented in a fine piece of

sculpture by Flaxman, whose bust of the great Admiral Lord Collingwood is also here—the latter bearing the words—

1ST JUNE—ST. VINCENT—TRAFALGAR.

Collingwood is buried at St. Paul's, London, but he is a Newcastle worthy, for he was born within a few yards of the church—in the house at the head of the Side, now known as the "Meters' Arms." The father of Lords Stowell and Eldon, "Mr. William Scott, freeman and hostman of this town," is commemorated by a tablet placed on the north side of the nave. Amongst other things of interest to be seen is a picture by Tintoretto, representing Christ washing the Disciples' feet, presented by Sir Matthew White Ridley; and in the Chapter House is a copy of Walton's "Polyglot." The chains by which the books were at one time fastened to the reading-shelves can yet be seen. Formerly there was a large collection of books, known as the Tomlinson library, in one of the buildings adjacent to the church; but these now form part of the free library of the city, where they are more likely to be read than before. The Bishop of the diocese, which was formed in 1882, is the Right Rev. Ernest Roland Wilberforce, D.D., and the Vicar is the Rev. Arthur Thomas Lloyd, M.A., Honorary Canon.

Space will not permit us to recount the names of those who have added to the glory of Newcastle by their fame. Collingwood, Eldon, and Stowell have already been mentioned; but we must refer to one more, the father of wood-engravers, Thomas Bewick, of whose workshop, situated behind the cathedral, we give a View. Here were executed many of those woodcuts which are the admiration of all who see them. The house is marked by a tablet, and is easily found, being close to the stairs leading from the churchyard into Dean-street.

Amongst other old churches may be mentioned St. Andrew's and St. John's—the former older than the cathedral, and both worthy of notice; but the mere mention of them must suffice. The Side, narrow and steep, with gabled and projecting houses, is shown in the illustration of the railway arch over Dean-street; and in our View of the Sandhill will be seen a house—that with the pilasters, projecting cornels, and multitude of windows—which has an historical interest. Here lived Aubone Surtees, the banker, father of Lady Eldon. From one of the windows, now distinguished by a pane of blue glass in the centre, Bessy Surtees, on the night of Nov. 18, 1772, escaped, to be married to John Scott, the embryo Lord Eldon, on the following day. Opposite to this house is the old Guildhall, formerly the Townhall of the borough, but now used as an Exchange; and on Akenside-hill, near to, is the house where Akenside, the poet, was born. The steep road leads to Pilgrim-street, thus named, as it was the way along which pilgrims passed to the little chapel at Jesmond, or Jesus' Mound, a holy place in pre-Reformation times. Along the Close is the old Mansion House, once the scene of great grandeur, but now used as the storage of a timber merchant. From this Close, over which the High-Level Bridge strides, rise those famous flights of stairs, which need strong lungs and stout limbs to surmount. One, the castle stairs, is largely given up to cloggers and bootmakers. Only one more reference, for we must bring our survey of old Newcastle to a termination. This city and county of itself has certain special privileges; its freemen have defined and important rights. In addition to a claim on the town moor, they are not subject to the thorough toll, or "octroi" duty, imposed upon all goods entering or leaving the city; for though progressive in many ways, its citizens have as yet been unable to rid themselves of this burdensome relic of a bygone age—the only town in England, we believe, which still retains such a tax.

Modern Newcastle may be regarded as correlative with the present century, though it was not until 1826 that the building schemes of the late Richard Grainger, which completely transformed the town and made it one of the finest-built cities in the kingdom, began to be carried out. It is unique in the history of any place that a private individual should have formed the principal streets of the town, and made such a series of magnificent thoroughfares as are represented by Grey-street, Grainger-street, and Clayton-street, and the splendid markets lying between Grainger and Clayton streets. But it is the case that all these are owing to the enterprise, the energy, and the brilliant conceptions of the quondam Newcastle charity scholar. Seventy years ago the town had spread beyond the walls on all sides, but not to any great extent. The centre of the town was occupied by Anderson Place and its grounds, and the Nuns' garden, which were surrounded by Pilgrim-street, Newgate-street, High Friar-street, and the High Bridge. Between the High Bridge and Mosely-street were the butchers' market and the theatre, and it was on the ground embraced in these various sites that Grainger's chief work was done. Buying Anderson Place and the Nuns' garden, and obtaining the markets and the theatre, which latter he replaced by the buildings now standing, he commenced his work, of which the Novocastrians and his own family are reaping benefit and advantage. Grey-street is one of the finest in the kingdom. It is flanked by the commanding Bank of England on the left; by the beautiful Theatre Royal, fronted with a lofty portico consisting of six Corinthian pillars, and by Lambton's Bank, on the right; whilst the entire upper portion on the left-hand side, between Market and Grainger streets, is formed by one side of the graceful Central Exchange, a triangular building, with three commanding fronts, of the Corinthian order, and designed after the Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli. Each point of the triangle is surmounted by domes springing from ranges of Corinthian columns. The magnificent hall in the centre of this building was intended originally as a corn market, but is now used as a news-room and fine-art gallery. Much more might be said as to the work of Richard Grainger, to whom Newcastle owes so much, and yet in whose honour it has raised no memorial; but we must hasten on. Some day, perhaps, a statue to him will be erected in Eldon-square, where he will be in the midst of his primary undertakings.

Away to the west of the town was a great open space known as the "Forth," whereon the townspeople were wont to disport themselves in the eventide. Now this is covered by the Central Station and by several great works of private firms. This fine site gave an opportunity for the erection of a large and commodious station, fronted by the wide and graceful Neville-street. Our illustration gives the view from Collingwood-street, whence spring outwards Neville-street to the left, and Westgate-road, the old western thoroughfare, to the right, the somewhat meagre-looking monument to George Stephenson, by Lough, standing at the parting of the ways. By the side of Westgate-road are the Newcastle Chronicle office, the Union Club, and the old St. John's Church. Neville-street is dominated by the elegant Central Station, with its Grecian portico, and away in the distance may be seen the Roman Catholic cathedral of St. Mary, standing upon a triangular site where Clayton and Neville streets join.

To the enterprise and growth of the North-Eastern Railway Company Newcastle owes much. Two works of that corporation would have made the town notable—namely, the Central Station, which is internally as convenient as it is externally handsome, and the High-Level Bridge. This famous bridge completed the direct line of communication between London and Edinburgh, owing its successful execution to the genius of Robert Stephenson, and is one of the finest

bridges in the kingdom. The valley of the Tyne is here of great depth, and the span of the arches, of which there are six, permit large vessels to pass beneath. The length of the bridge is 1337 ft., and there is a carriage-road, with the lines of railway overhead. Our Artist, in his General View of Newcastle, shows the splendid proportions of this bridge, the sketch being taken from the Gateshead side of the river. Below is the swing-bridge, but of this we shall have something to say farther on. Another great work of the North-Eastern Railway Company, though not actually at Newcastle, is the Tyne Dock, some miles down the river. This dock is one of the busiest in the kingdom, and its fine quays and warehouses are crowded with shipping and produce of all nations. Newcastle also owes to this company the graceful arch over Dean-street—a marvel of engineering skill, having a single span of more than 100 ft.—and the fine Byker Bridge, which, originally of wood, was a few years ago rebuilt in iron without stopping the traffic, and, to provide for the growing needs of the company, is now being doubled. Though the High-Level Bridge has three lines of rails, the trains passing over it are so numerous that the building of another bridge to the west of the town has often been contemplated, and some day will probably be carried out. Then it will not be necessary for the main-line trains to go in and out of the station at the east end, as is now the case. Since the erection of the Central Station it has been enlarged several times, and very extensive additions are about to be made at the east end, in order to provide for the rapidly-increasing traffic. The town is served by several other stations, all, however, of the same railway company, for the last of the local railways, that known as the Blyth and Tyne, was amalgamated in 1874. A splendid service of trains connects Newcastle with the north and south, with the towns on Tyneside, with Sunderland, and with the seacoast; and the Great Northern, the Midland, the London and North-Western, the North-British, and the Lancashire systems are all in direct communication with it.

At one time the management of the river Tyne was entirely

in the hands of the Newcastle Corporation; but about a generation ago it was placed under the control of the River Tyne Commissioners, who are elected by the various communities on the river-banks. The work done by this body has been gigantic, and the results are incalculable. First and foremost has been the deepening of the river. Powerful dredgers are always at work, and nearly a hundred million tons of earth have been conveyed out to sea in the serving lighters. When these operations commenced, the bar at the river-mouth had only a depth of 21 ft. at high-water spring tides, the low water depth being 6 ft. Consequently, no vessel drawing more than 20 ft. of water could ever hope to enter. Now there is more than 20 ft. of water at low water, and the largest vessels built can enter the harbour with safety. This depth is maintained up to Newcastle, and for three miles above the bridges there is a depth of eighteen feet at low water spring tides. Whilst the river has been deepened, obstructive points have been cleared away, islands removed, and the river widened, and it is now a magnificent tribute to the skill of the engineers who have had the works in charge—Mr. Ure and Mr. P. J. Messent, the latter of whom now occupies the onerous position of engineer to the Commissioners. At the mouth of the Tyne a gigantic harbour of refuge is being formed by the erection of two piers, and the removal of the old beds of rock upon which hundreds of vessels have been dashed to pieces and thousands of lives lost. When completed this will be the finest harbour of refuge on the east coast. Two docks have also been formed by the Commission. The celebrated swing-bridge at Newcastle has made possible the passage of ships into the upper reaches of the river, and permitted a departure in industrial operation, by the establishment of a great shipyard at Elswick, for the building of war-vessels, where is now lying H.M.S. Victoria, the ironclad recently launched. This swing-bridge, shown in our General View of Newcastle, consists of four openings for river traffic, corresponding with those of the High-Level Bridge. The two central openings, each 104 ft., are spanned by girders

made to swing round and permit masted vessels to pass through. The length of the swing or opening part is 280 ft., its weight 1450 tons, and it can be opened and closed again in ninety seconds. The piers and abutments of the bridge, which stands on the site of the previous structures, are made of stone and concrete, on foundations of cast-iron cylinders filled with concrete, and sunk down to the solid rock about forty feet below low water.

Whilst the River Tyne Commissioners have thus been engaged in this series of great works, other communities, both private and corporate, have kept pace therewith. The Newcastle Quay, which skirts the river for two miles, is a fine work, though the houses thereon are not far enough back to do it justice. Here we can see ships of all nations loading and unloading, for Newcastle has a very large trade with the continent of Europe, and lines of steamers pass regularly thence and also to America. It is a busy scene; not so quaint, perhaps, as in the days when the keelmen, whose hospital is close at hand, and the porter-pokemen were all powerful. The keels are now largely substituted by ships and steam-barges; the porter-pokemen by the vast warehouses which stand near to the redolent Sandgate. These warehouses have a capacity of 120,000 quarters of grain and bread-stuffs, and cover about an acre of ground. By means of elevators, grain can be taken from the vessels lying alongside, and stored in any part of the building at the rate of 100 tons an hour. With the railway adjoining, these warehouses have worked a revolution in the grain trade of the Tyne. Other private enterprises and manufacturing have met the needs and developed the commercial importance of this great district. As representative of the special commerce which the warehouses just named serves, we may mention the fine flour-mills owned by Messrs. John Davidson and Sons, a glimpse of which is obtained in our General View of the town.

Away behind the Central Station are the great engineering works, Stephenson's and Hawthorn's. The former has still at its head relatives of the inventor of the locomotive; and



1. The Castle.
2. The Cathedral (St. Nicholas' Church).
3. Black Gate.
4. Townhall.
5. Moor Hall.
6. Sandhill.
7. The Sile.

8. All Saints' Church.
9. Guildhall.
10. Quay Side.
11. High-Level Bridge.
12. Central Station.
13. Station Hotel.
14. Stephenson Monument.
15. St. John's Church.

16. Assembly Rooms.
17. Fire Engine Station.
18. Cattle Market.
19. Infirmary.
20. Westgate Cemetery.
21. Westgate-road.
22. St. Paul's Church.
23. St. Andrew's Church.

24. Bigg Market.
25. Leazes Park.
26. Castle Leazes.
27. Barracks.
28. Grey-street.
29. Pilgrim-street.
30. Grey Monument.
31. Theatre Royal.

32. Police-courts.
33. Jesus Hospital.
34. The Jail.
35. Manor Goods Station.
36. Pardon House.
37. Keelmen's Hospital.
38. Wilkinson's Buildings.
39. St. Dominic's Church.

40. Free Library.
41. St. Thomas's, Barras Bridge.
42. Natural History Museum.
43. Exhibition Building.
44. Royal Agricultural Show.
45. Fish Market.
46. Swing Bridge.
47. St. Mary's, Gateshead.

KEY TO LARGE VIEW OF NEWCASTLE, PAGES 84-85.

though other makers have rivalled the South-street firm, it is known world-wide as one of the great builders of locomotives, though marine engines are also made here. It is now connected with one of the principal shipbuilding yards on the Tyne. The capacity of the works is for 1500 men, and Stephenson's locomotives are to be found on almost every railway in the world. The collection of engineering drawings in possession of this firm, some of which are displayed in the Exhibition, is a complete history of the modern steam-engine. At these works have also been built four of the world's great bridges—the High-Level, at Newcastle; the Menai, between Anglesea and the mainland; the St. Lawrence, at Montreal; and the Nile Bridge, at Kafir Azzayat.

But the monarch of industrial Newcastle is the famous Elswick establishment, the growth of nearly half a century, and due to the wonderful mechanical skill of a Newcastle lawyer, William George Armstrong, who has just been made a peer, taking the title of Lord Armstrong, but has long been known as Sir William Armstrong, who, as the inventor of the hydraulic engine and the Armstrong gun, has revolutionised the arts of peace and war. The story of these inventions it is not our purpose to tell; nor can we go into any long detail as to the vast operations at Elswick, which works have been aptly called "England's supplementary arsenal." In this vast concourse of manufactories, where are blast-furnaces, forges, steel-works, gun and shell factories, and a great shipyard, and which stretch for more than a mile by the river side, we can see exemplified how the genius of a few minds can weave Nature's toughest fibres to the use of man. Bewildering machinery is on every side. Guns of every kind are here manufactured, from the little but death-dealing Hotchkiss to the great 110-tonner, many of which are fitted with the most delicate, yet the most perfect, attachments; silent hydraulic machines serve the purposes of the workmen, either to turn a gun or to lift it by the great sheer-legs into the ships; shells are made at the rate of 18,000 per week; and in the shipyard we may see ironclads and cruisers in every stage of progress, from the laying of the keel to the perfected vessel—a great world of mechanism. The Elswick works give employment to upwards of 12,200 men, and whilst there is a general cry of bad trade, they are engaged day and night, so pressing is the demand for implements of war. A great town,

though a district of Newcastle, has grown up at Elswick, and the class of workmen found there are among the best in the north of England.

It has already been stated that Newcastle is rich in its suburbs: Jesmond, North Elswick, Gosforth, the Town Moor, and the Castle Leazes are outskirts which warrant this statement. During the past two decades great extensions have taken place in these directions, and the seacoast villages of Tynemouth, Cullercoats, and Whitley, thanks to ample railway communications, are really suburbs of the coal city. A few years ago there was no park in Newcastle. Now there are five. The most picturesque is Jesmond Dene, one of those beautiful glades in which the north country abounds, and the gift of Newcastle's most distinguished citizen—Lord Armstrong, who has also presented a portion of the Armstrong Park already mentioned. Near to the Exhibition buildings is a small inclosure, called the Brandling Park, and a portion of the Castle Leazes has been planted very happily, which, lying within five minutes' walk of the town's centre, is most conveniently situated. At the west end of the town is the small but beautiful Elswick Park, whence can be obtained fine and extensive views of the Tyne and Team valley, with the lofty and well-clad hills around. The mansion in this park contains the magnificent collection of Lough models, presented to the town by the widow of that celebrated sculptor, in accordance with his expressed wish. Lough, though not a native of Newcastle, was a Northumbrian, and was employed for several years in the city. The collection contains models of nearly all his best works, including Milo, the piece of sculpture which first won him fame.

Education, art, and literature have always found a home in Newcastle. There are various museums, including the Natural History Museum, near to the Exhibition buildings, perhaps the finest in the provinces, and where are shown a unique collection of Bewick drawings. The Literary and Philosophical Society has had many great men amongst its members, and owns a splendid library of more than fifty thousand volumes. Adjoining is the College of Physical Science, in connection with the University of Durham, and where a powerful advanced educational work has for years been carried on. Away up in Bath-lane are a mass of schools, which, though due to private enterprise, chiefly that of

Dr. Rutherford and his Church, have done much in a less advanced degree. Three years ago the New Free Library, in New Bridge-street, was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and it has already taken a leading position amongst such institutions, thanks to the energy and skill of the chief librarian, Mr. W. J. Haggerston, who was trained under Mr. Lyell at the "Lit. and Phil." Much as we should like to give a fuller account of this library, of its excellent system, its remarkably compiled catalogue, and of the success achieved by its librarian, the limits of our space forbid. We can, however, pay this brief tribute to his work. Amongst the present leading *littera* of the city must be mentioned three LL.D.s: Dr. Bruce, historian of the Roman Wall; Dr. Hodgkin, author of "Italy and her Invaders"; and Dr. Robert Spence Watson, author of a monograph on "Cædmon," and other works. The latter gentleman is also a powerful and well-known Liberal politician.

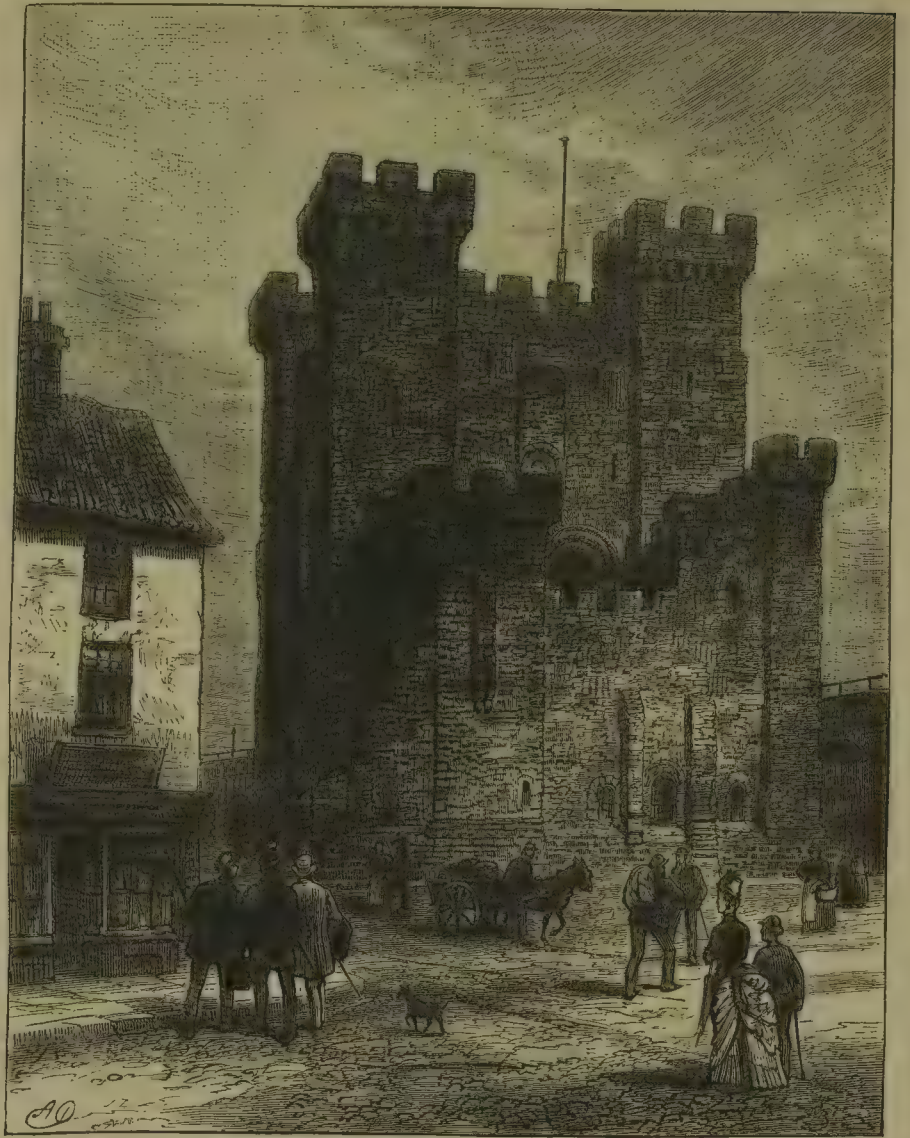
Vast changes have of late years been effected in the intercommunications of Newcastle, some of which are yet in progress. Three great bridges have been erected—the Redheugh, the Byker, and the Pandon Bridges. The first named is over the Tyne, and the others span the valleys which intersect the city. The Pandon Bridge has crushed out of existence part of an old, unsavoury district, the character of which may be judged from what yet remains of it. A splendid system of tramways connects the suburbs with the centre of the town, and, in this respect, Newcastle is in advance of most other towns of the same size.

Respecting the various places of public worship other than those churches which have been named, its theatres, its newspapers, its political influence, and its corporate dignitaries, we must refer the reader to guide-books and local records. Already our limits are exceeded, and yet "the half hath not been told." This ancient town, but modern city, whose Corporation stands third in age amongst English municipalities, grows on the mind, and we must needs bid it adieu. Much as we may admire it, we cannot now agree entirely with John Wesley, who made the following entry in his journal, June 4, 1759:—"After preaching I rode on to Newcastle. Certainly, if I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness. But I seek another country, and am therefore content to be a wanderer upon earth."

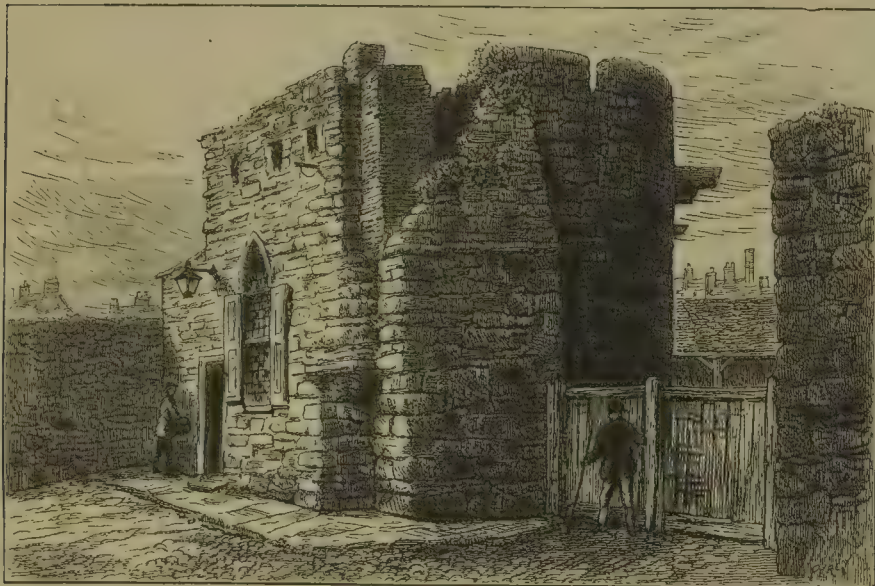
SKETCHES OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



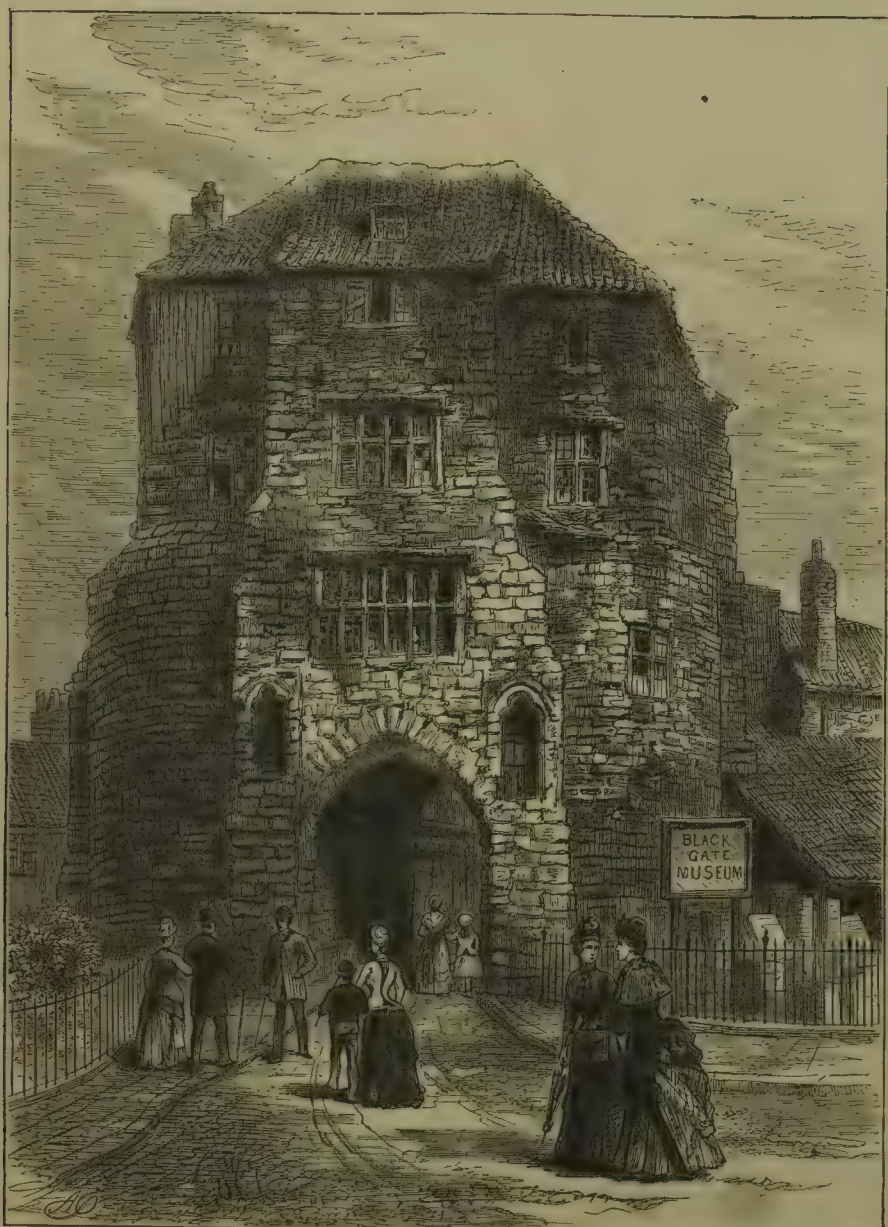
OLD TOWN WALL, NEAR ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.



THE CASTLE.



A CORNER OF THE OLD TOWN WALLS.



THE BLACK GATE.



THE RAILWAY VIADUCT ACROSS DEAN-STREET.

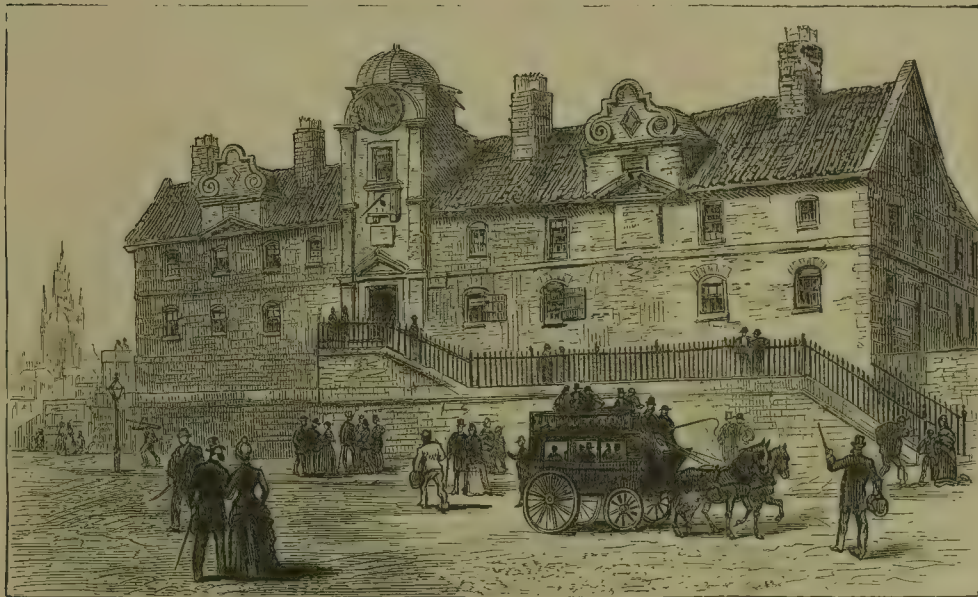
SKETCHES OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



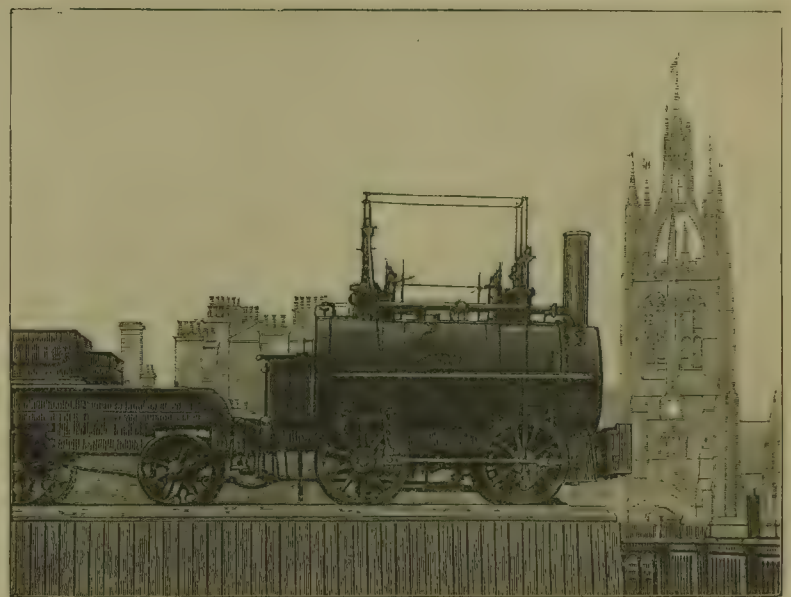
"THE FRIARS."



THE SALLY-PORT.



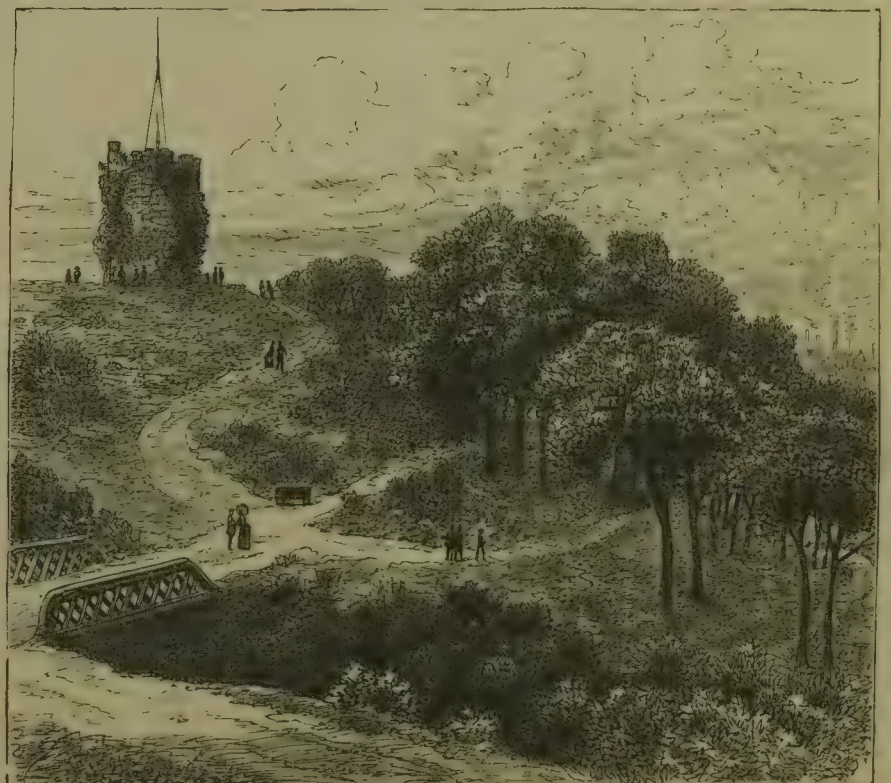
THE KEELMEN'S HOSPITAL.



STEPHENSON'S OLD ENGINE.



BEWICK'S WORKSHOP.



OLD TOWER IN ARMSTRONG PARK.

NEW BOOKS.

Records of Service and Campaigning in Many Lands.—By Surgeon-General Munro, M.D., C.B. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—All who have read Dr. Munro's "Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders" will be glad to meet the pleasant author in this unaffected, agreeable, and instructive narrative of other passages of his varied experiences as an army surgeon, in different parts of the world. Dr. Munro, as assistant-surgeon to the 91st Highlanders, the Argyllshire regiment, went to the Cape Colony in 1845, and remained till 1848, stationed at Fort Peddie, Fort Brown, and other frontier posts beyond the Fish River, towards the Keiskamma; he there saw something of the Kaffir War of that period, and became well acquainted with the country, of which he gives us an interesting description. His anecdotes of South African life, and of the duties, amusements, and adventures of British officers at those stations, in a territory which was then in a very unsettled condition, are related in a cheerful spirit and with an engaging frankness delightful to the reader. We are struck, indeed, by the particulars here to be found of former comparative defects in the sanitary provision for the welfare of our troops, and especially by the miserable accommodation for them on board the small sailing-vessels that were hired for transports. On his return voyage to England, the author took lessons in seamanship and navigation from an old Scotch skipper, as he never lost a chance of learning what might possibly be useful. The 91st Regiment, after coming home, being at Portsmouth, was somewhat vexed by official pedantry in the exercise of superior military authority, as well as by changes in its command and organisation to which the Highlanders were not easily reconciled, and a large proportion of Irishmen was introduced into its ranks. In 1850, Dr. Munro was transferred to the Army Medical Staff, and left the 91st, going out to Halifax, Nova Scotia, in charge of detachments to be sent to that station, where his father, a veteran of the Peninsular War, was at that time principal medical officer. The social attractions of Halifax, and the cordial welcome usually given in that city to military gentlemen, are pretty well known; but Dr. Munro's account of some of his friends there, and of the place, the Nova Scotian climate, and of the habits of the worthy colonists, adds to our acquaintance with one of the most congenial provinces of the British Empire. He also visited St. John's, New Brunswick, and admired the energy and prosperity of that community. Upon the outbreak of yellow fever at Bermuda, in 1853, he volunteered to go there, much to his credit, we think, and took charge during some months of a camp and hospital on Prospect Hill, Hamilton Island, with severe and painful work in attending the sufferers, after which he was one of an official committee to examine the causes of the epidemic. His descriptive notes on Bermuda, like those on Nova Scotia and South Africa, form an acceptable part of the first volume, to which attention has been more fully directed because the main contents of the second volume, dealing with events of far greater historical interest, the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny War, may be understood as supplementing and completing those of his book narrating his services with the 93rd (Sutherland) Highlanders. That famous regiment, inseparably associated with the deeds of "the Grand Old Soldier," Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, was sent to Turkey at the outbreak of the war with Russia, and was joined by Dr. Munro as regimental surgeon, after its landing at Eupatoria, on Sept. 15, 1854, when he first met Sir Colin Campbell. The 42nd (Black Watch) and 79th Highlanders formed part of the same Highland Brigade, under Sir Colin's command, which opened an era of British military history certainly the most glorious in our national annals since the great French War. Those who can remember its stirring incidents, or who have perused the narratives by Dr. Howard Russell, the work of Mr. Kinglake, and other standard authorities, will yet find, in the writings of this excellent surgeon of the 93rd, much that will enhance their appreciation of the merits of our Highland soldiers, and of their heroic commander. The battle of the Alma, the first great battle that Dr. Munro and most of them had ever seen, the steadfast attitude of their "thin red line" at Balaklava, the endurance of starvation, wet, cold, and many hardships in the winter (though these regiments suffered much less than those in the front), are described in his second volume; but he was invalided and sent home till September, 1855, and he returned to the Crimea just in time to see the departure of Sir Colin Campbell. In June, 1857, his regiment sailed for China, and had arrived at the Cape when it was overtaken by orders to go to Calcutta, in consequence of the news of the Indian Mutiny. On September 20, the third anniversary of the battle of the Alma, the brave 93rd Highlanders, under Colonel Leith Hay, were at Calcutta, and found, to their great joy, Sir Colin Campbell there as Commander-in-Chief. Early in November, he had them at Lucknow; and everybody knows what he did with them in the capture of the Martinière and of the Secunderbagh, the relief of the Residency garrison, and subsequent hard-fought actions. The author of these "Records" went through the Rohilcund and Oude campaigns, and was afterwards in the Punjab, and in Central India. He rendered good service in the cholera epidemic at Peshawur in 1862. In 1867 he was appointed Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, and his regiment bade him an affectionate farewell. Returning to England in 1872, he became head of the medical branch of the Army Medical Department. He retired from the service in 1881, being senior Surgeon-General of the Army, and being, no doubt, fairly entitled to the highest office; but he has leisure to write good books, and he intends to write the history of the Army Medical Department.

Allan Quatermain. By H. Rider Haggard, author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," &c. (Longmans).—More African nightmares! More cumbrous concoctions of a fantasy labouring under the sensational impressions of a mixture of travellers' tales, of hideous savagery reeking with slaughter, and of imaginary subterranean labyrinths, caverns of rock and bowels of the earth tormented by rushing winds, flames, and waters, leading to the splendid realms of sequestered antique nations, whose architecture and sculpture excel the most consummate majesty of Oriental and Classical art! More lovely, passionate, terrible, miraculously accomplished girl-queens, waiting in their pomp of gold and marble palaces for the adventurous English gentlemen, who shall fulfil their destiny by piercing the mountain barriers, at much cost of skin, flesh, and blood, coming to be wooed and married by those fair young sovereigns of the inland mystical kingdoms! More "Shes"—more inexhaustible gold-mines—of Sheba and Solomon, with more Zulu and Kaffir fighting; and more exploits of that oddly-assorted firm, Sir Henry Curtis, Bart., Commander Good, R.N., Hunter Quatermain, and Co., whose personal characters are set in perpetual contrast like those of the Pickwick Club! The Mr. Tupman of this queer party is presented in the fat and foppish naval officer, with his glass ever stuck in his eye and his smart uniform safe in a tin bandbox, who will ogle and serenade the proudest of the austere Princesses in the palace where Fate stands armed with sword and fire. Mr. Quatermain, of course, is a better shot than Mr. Winkle; and the Baronet, if not much wiser, is a man of nobler presence

than Mr. Pickwick: nevertheless, even with the addition of Umslopogaas, the Zulu warrior who uses a battle-axe, we relish the humours of this company less than those of our old familiar Cockney friends. As Sir Henry Curtis, proclaimed King Consort and joint ruler with Queen Nyleptha of the ancient Zu-Vendi monarchy, was happily living there but a short time ago, while Commander Good, would-be husband of the deposed Queen Sorais, the Lady of the Night, may not yet have been stabbed by some jealous man or woman of the Zu-Vendi nation, the whereabouts of that singular country may be interesting to a few persons here at home. The best information will be obtained from Mr. Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S., in the new and revised edition (published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.) of his authentic and very instructive narrative of the journey "Through Masai Land," in 1883 and 1884. In the map attached to that acceptable volume, and in the account of his researches, we find the existence of an unexplored territory called Elgumi, two or three degrees north of the Equator and between the 35th and 37th degrees of east longitude, to the north-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Mr. Thomson, who is one of the most enterprising, expert, and indefatigable of modern travellers, was at Mount Elgon, where he discovered some prodigious artificial caverns and tunnels cut in the rock by a very powerful unknown race, who must have been "considerably advanced in arts and civilisation." His perilous tossing by the buffalo, and his sufferings from dysentery, which brought him near to death, forbade him, while in the neighbourhood of the Elgeyo range, and at the north end of Lake Barongo, to see more of the country beyond. From Jumba Kimemeta, a wandering trader, he heard that Elgumi is inhabited by people wearing only a small garment of skin or a band of curious beads, willing to sell ivory and cattle; and there is a great salt lake with boats on it. If Mr. Thomson goes that way, he will probably tell us more about it; but he will not report any such physical impossibilities as a huge "rose of fire" bursting out of a deep, wide, and rapid underground river; or such moral impossibilities as the characters and relations of the two Sister Queens. As for the vast domed temple in the shape of a sunflower, with a roof of gold, to mention those particulars of its magnificence costs a fabulous writer nothing, and the reader may thank him for nothing, since dimensions and materials are unlimited in the composition of a romance. These elements of Mr. Rider Haggard's fiction are "such stuff as dreams are made of." We prefer the simplicity and the consistency, which is essential imaginative veracity, of "Robinson Crusoe."

"V.R.": a Comedy of Errors. By Edward Rose (Arrow-smith's Bristol Library; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—The enterprising Bristol publisher, who made a hit with the writing of Hugh Conway, has been fortunate in getting this capital piece of freely humorous fancy written by one already known in London literary circles as a graceful, delightful, and very entertaining author. Mr. Rose, who has devised successfully for the stage, exercises his talent of inventing farcical situations in this laughable little story. Its title and subject are manifestly appropriate to the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. The supposed time is in 1837, immediately after the accession of the Royal young lady to the throne. The small country town of Lulham Market, in Norfolk, is devoured by curiosity, wonder, and excitement, and the foolish portion of its simple inhabitants are ready to believe anything strange. An enthusiastic youth, the son of the leading innkeeper, teases his father and mother to change the name and sign of "The George" for "The Queen's Arms." Having a genius for art, he insists on painting the new sign, with the letters "V.R." at least, over the side door. There comes from London, with her father, an unknown young lady whose proper name, Viola Rydal, has the same initials, and these are embroidered on her reticule, which is dropped and picked up on the public walk. Mr. Rydal was formerly a resident of Lulham Market, but has been absent many years, and is not recognised by any of the townsfolk. There are mysterious circumstances about their arrival, Miss Rydal's costly dress, and their habits and manners, with a seeming personal resemblance of this girl to the pictures and descriptions of the new Queen. A certain vain and ambitious hairdresser, who is also a dancing-master, has just returned from the metropolis with a pretence of having waited on her Majesty to ask permission to instruct his pupils in a new dance lately invented at Court. This man, partly in roguery, partly under a mystification, gives countenance to a rumour that Queen Victoria is actually making an *incognito* tour in the country, and that it is she, the "Illustrious Personage" styled "V.R.," who is sojourning at the chief inn of Lulham Market. Miss Viola, whom we are sorry to think a very unscrupulous young person, lends herself to the deception for two days, allowing her father to pass for the Duke of Gloucester. Immense fun, and great play of different characters, in the pleasant old-fashioned style of broad comedy, result from such a false position; and the clever author shows much dramatic power in bringing out a swift succession of fresh incidents and amusing conversations. The tale soon develops a more tender interest through the ardent passion with which that chivalrous youth, Paul Grayling, the painter of the "V.R.," becomes naturally inspired at the sight of Viola, whom he believes to be Victoria, and who presently reciprocates his affection. How she gets out of the perilous scrape, and what is the end of this wild local delusion, may be learnt by a very good shilling's-worth of reading. We should like to see "V.R." put into a form adapted for theatrical performance.

Under a Delusion. By Joan St. Leger. Two vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—Kathleen, Lady Burnhaven, an unmarried peeress in her own right, has reached middle age, living in England, and so has Bernard De Quemys, living in India and Australia, the lover of her early youth; and they have been under a mutual misapprehension, which has kept them from each other during twenty years. Here is related the manner in which they met again, came to an understanding, and settled together for life, in assured trust and rational affection. But this harmless novel, in which the moral tone is commendable, has the artistic defects of a flabby style and feebleness of conception.

The annual meeting of the Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain, will be held at the Society of Arts' House, next Tuesday evening, when an address will be given by Professor Stokes, D.C.L., President of the Royal Society.

Yesterday week the freedom of Edinburgh was conferred on Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in recognition of his gift of £50,000 to provide a public library for the city. The ceremony took place in the Council Chamber, and was attended, among others, by Lord Rosebery and the Lord Provost (Sir Thomas Clark).—Mr. Carnegie laid the foundation-stone of the library on Saturday last.

The Houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury met again yesterday week, and having been engaged in the further discussion of subjects which had been before them, were prorogued to the 4th prox., but with the understanding that they would not meet till February. The House of Laymen was engaged upon the question of lay representation on rural dean and diocesan conferences.

SORROWS AND REWARDS OF GENIUS.

A lady once said to me that she was thankful there was not a genius in her family. The gift of genius being so rare, the want of it is scarcely a cause for gratitude. There are many large towns in England that are not, and possibly never have been, distinguished in this way. You cannot grow men of genius as you can grow cucumbers and grapes. They come, we know not how, and by the wise folk around them are probably regarded as fools. The father of a genius does not understand him; the mother thinks there is something wrong, and implores her heaven-born son to walk along the well-beaten paths with his brothers and sisters. But this is just what the inspired mortal cannot do for the life of him. He pursues another track, fighting his way at every step with foes real and imaginary, plunging into deep waters, sacrificing his flesh with thorns and briars, loving with passionate ardour what he can never possess, and striving after a goal he will never reach. The world wags its wise head at the sight of him, and vows he will never come to good. Possibly not, if "good" means a large income—not, if it means the happy indifference that avoids thought, the contentment that is satisfied with eating and drinking, and politely ignores the possibility of dying!

The man of genius, it must be admitted, is rarely happy in the common acceptation of the word—not happy as the well-to-do citizen, who has sound health and a large balance at his bankers. With regret it must also be admitted that, in many cases, he is not so respectable; not that there is any necessary connection between genius and impropriety, or that this strange gift is an excuse for moral obliquity. A man thus endowed, if he have stronger passions than ordinary, has also a stronger perception of the responsibilities of life, and when he falls from his own ideal suffers a deeper sorrow. Here I must make a digression to observe that more than half the faults attributed to genius are, in reality, due to eccentricity.

The eccentric man counterfeits the man of genius, and while missing his virtues, exaggerates his faults. He does everything for effect and goes wrong in the pestilent belief that the light that leads astray is light from heaven. Literary impostors of this order abound. They sit up o' nights and sleep by day; they drink wine, if they can afford it, out of human skulls, in imitation of Byron's orgies; they shirk their debts, like Sheridan, and are as shameless as Rousseau. In return for all this the world is treated to a few imitative verses, to a third-rate novel, or to a burst of rhetorical criticism which the world could readily spare. And, worse still, sober-minded people think that genius translated into English means Bohemianism and dissipation.

But to return to the subject of this paper—the compensations of genius. They are, it must be admitted, rather obscure and intangible, and neither to be seen nor handled. Dimly possible, indeed, it is to guess at them; for are they not for the most part inward delights, which we, the ordinary men and women of England, cannot taste, and therefore cannot describe? Something, however, may be done by a little exercise of the imagination, and something by the lessons which we have learnt from the poets. I am not going to attempt anything so vain as a definition of genius; it will be time to do that when life itself is defined. But it is evident, I think, that genius finds its chief joy in creation—in doing what no one else can do. In the fine arts great excellence may be attained by strenuously developed talent; but do not we all instinctively acknowledge that no amount of mere taste, no breadth of cultivation, could produce a Michel Angelo or a Titian, a Beethoven or a Thorwaldsen. The great poets, too, who "exhaust worlds and then imagine new," stand far apart from and above the brilliant versifiers who say pretty things in rhyme because, after a dutiful apprenticeship, they have caught the knack of saying them.

There may be much pleasure in mere execution; there must be joy of the keenest kind in the conception and achievement of an immortal work. Imagine what Shakspeare must have felt when he had produced "King Lear"; what the delight of Milton must have been, though blind and "fallen on evil days," when he put the final stroke to "Paradise Lost"; and can we doubt that Bunyan, writing the "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison, was infinitely happier than the most prosperous citizen of Bedford. And I should like to ask some great living artists—great, but perhaps not recognised as they deserve to be—whether they would exchange all their failures and disappointments, their moments of defeat and their moments of victory, for the unbroken prosperity of the citizen who aspires, as the crown of his ambition, to be Lord Mayor of London?

This is not all. The man of genius not only has the secret joy of creating what the world some day may admire and love; but has an inner world of his own, a circle in which none dare walk but he. Nature, with her thousand voices, speaks to him as she does not speak to us, unfolding her secrets, and giving form and unity to that which generally appears broken and fragmentary. He sees, as Wordsworth said and as Wordsworth saw, into the life of things; and what a fullness of being does an insight like this imply! If the man of genius be a poet, he breathes in all his choicest moments, as one of our loveliest poets has said, in an atmosphere of joy:—

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud,
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

The joy that deepens the sense of life is, indeed, the inspiring source of all noble work. Men of genius know well "the burden and the mystery of this unintelligible world;" but it is never when sinking under it that they create things worthy to live. No one ever brooded more over Nature and Humanity than Wordsworth, yet he called himself one of the happiest of men; and if it be true, as all the good and wise have held, that happiness or, rather, blessedness, does not depend upon a man's circumstances but on his inner life, then must it be true that the man of genius will enjoy that blessedness the most fully. Yet I am not sure; perhaps it would be safer to say that he may enjoy it, since we know, on the best authority, that there is a serenity never to be ruffled by the storms of life and a joy not to be deepened in intensity, that has its source not in the flashes that brighten the path of genius, but in purity of heart.

J. D.

Clapham has adopted the Free Libraries Act by a majority of 1135, in a total poll of 3259.

Sir Lionel Pilkington, Bart., of Chevet Park, near Wakefield, the owner of Sandal Castle-hill, near Wakefield, has presented the ruins of the ancient castle and the grounds adjacent to the Sandal Local Board, to be used as a public recreation-ground and park. The place has historic associations in connection with the Wars of the Roses.

The Royal London Yacht Club sailed the first match of their programme yesterday week off Southend, the leading boats finishing thus:—Genesta, 1; Wendur, 2; Constance, 3; Neptune, 4; Daphne, 5; Arethusa, 6. Sybil, Foxhound, and Butterfly were the same distance behind. About 18 minutes separated each of the first four yachts.

A NOBLE PURSUIT.

It is astonishing to observe with what ill-furnished minds people are content to go through the world. Knowledge is too often despised if it does not yield immediate profit. To acquire money is a definite object not difficult to grasp. The desire to gain it calls forth all a man's energies, and he will toil after wealth at the sacrifice of enjoyment or even of health itself. But the men who with disinterested purpose and persistent energy try to acquire knowledge are rare indeed. And yet there is no pursuit more inspiring, more satisfying. We live in a world so wonderful, so full of beauty and life, that it is not possible to study even a minute portion of it without having the heart touched and the intellect stimulated. Any branch of science, for example, no matter how insignificant it may seem, will awaken a healthy curiosity. There was a man who devoted his life to the study of spiders, and there is another whose investigations into the history of a still more unpleasant insect are said to have been profound. The land to be won by science is so vast that the student is not bound to pursue eccentric paths like these. Yet how fascinating the study of one of the lowest forms of life may prove to the true seeker after knowledge will be seen from Darwin's volume on the action of worms; and has not Sir John Lubbock taught us to watch and to admire the more intelligent operations of bees and ants. But if a man has not the peculiar faculty of observation required of the naturalist, nor that rare enthusiasm which made a living insect-hunter faint with joy on discovering a new species of butterfly, there are other fields of knowledge every whit as attractive. The happy hunting-grounds of history and philosophy, of literature and antiquities, all lie stretched out before us, and the gate to any one of them is wide open. It is not, perhaps, of great consequence what special study a man selects; but if he would not suffer from vacuity of mind, from that intolerable ennui which is the chief bane of modern life, it is essential that he should have some intellectual pursuit apart from his daily vocation. All greatly distinguished men have felt this eager love of knowledge for its own sake. Johnson said, indeed, that every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all he has to get knowledge; but if this be true, it is to be feared that a good many minds are debauched. Everybody, no doubt, likes to gain knowledge if he can do so without trouble; but there is an apathy in some men that needs a great deal of rousing, and which the mere wish for knowledge is often not strong enough to rouse. But what a fullness does a pursuit of this kind give to life! and what an inexhaustible pursuit it is! It is an exquisite solace in pain and solitude, and no worldly success is so dear to the student as the mental wealth he stores up in his library. The joy he finds there in communion with the poets and thinkers of all time is not to be expressed in words. The lover cannot tell you why he loves; he knows only that there is one woman dearer to him than all the world besides. And the lover of books cannot tell you why it gives him such delight to glance the eye over the shelves of his library; or why, in moments of leisure, it pleases him to take down the familiar volumes for the simple purpose, as it were, of shaking hands with his friends. In a library there is some sense of sadness too! Who has not felt pain at the thought of his limited capacity for gaining knowledge, and, worse still, of his neglect of golden opportunities? There is ripe fruit to be plucked, but at times the hand is slack, or the mind preoccupied, or pleasures allure us astray, or bodily pain affords a pretext for idleness. We make a thousand resolutions, but are apt to forget them all.

You may sometimes hear a man say, What is the good of learning this? What is the advantage of knowing that? To ask such a question is to answer it, so far as the speaker is concerned. To him the acquisition of knowledge would be useless; for he lacks the generous enthusiasm, the unflagging curiosity, without which mental growth is impossible. And, indeed, it is this sluggish condition of mind that leads so many people, when not forced to work for a living, to fritter time away. They would be shocked, perhaps, if you told them they were idle; but they are content with pottering over little things that are not worth the doing. Women, even when gifted with considerable ability, are especially prone to waste their powers in this way. Having no particular aim they leave their brains fallow. Do not let me be misunderstood. The mighty influence of woman is not chiefly due to intellectual qualities. She reigns by the cultivation of the affections, and by those moral virtues which we poor men toil after wearily, while she seems to exercise them without effort. The heart often teaches wiser lessons than the head, but the "perfect woman nobly planned" knows how to use both. Better that she should be illogical than unemotional; yet there is no advantage in so cultivating feeling as to weaken the reasoning powers. Our poets are sometimes disposed in their wholesome dread of the "blue-stocking" to imagine that a woman discerns truth by intuition. A pretty illustration of this occurs in one of Mr. Patmore's poems. The writer is supposed to have spent the evening with some authors "reputed great," but whose wit is coarse; so, after two hours of it, he goes home with a sense that he is no match for that company. His wife is sitting up for him, and, after ringing the servants in to prayers—

Heard what men of fame
Had urged 'gainst this and that; "For shame!"
She said, but argument showed not.
"If I had answered this," I thought,
"I would not have passed for very wise.
But I have not her voice and eyes!
However it be, I'm glad of home,
Yea, very glad at heart to come
And lay a happy head to rest
On her unreasonable breast."

Charming verses, Mr. Patmore: but can it be that a wife's wisdom is best heard and seen in her voice and eyes? and, if a trifle more capable of argument, would Amelia have been less dear to her happy husband?

Something has been urged in this paper in favour of knowledge, but nothing has been said about wisdom. Of course, Cowper is right in saying that the two have oftentimes no connection. I never heard that Cardinal Mezzofanti was a wise man, although he was a master of forty-eight languages. One has a suspicion, too, that Barretier, who had acquired five languages at the age of nine, and was made a doctor in philosophy at fourteen, could not have been as wise as he was knowing; and Prynne, who wrote about two hundred works, is said to have given no sign of good sense in one of them. Knowledge is, therefore, mere lumber if a man does not know how to use it; but without knowledge, wisdom has no atmosphere to breathe in. The fine old poet Daniel, who is no longer read as he deserves to be, writes of knowledge with noble enthusiasm, calling it the soul of the world, and asking what has the world without it that is truly glorious? Happy the young man who, inspired by this passion for knowledge, is willing to own less of the world's goods if only he may have the joy, in itself a priceless boon, of knowing that he is sowing seed that will some day yield a golden harvest! To quote Daniel again:—

What good is like to this
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

AIX-LES-BAINS.

Paris, say the newspapers, is now everywhere except at Paris, and I can well believe the statement when I see the utter emptiness of those papers, and when I remember the crowd of people and the mountains of baggage which I saw at the railway-station when I took my ticket for Aix-les-Bains a few days ago. Why come to Aix-les-Bains? We English are like sheep—where one goes the others follow. Did not Queen Victoria spend several weeks here last May? Did not her Majesty stop her carriage half-a-dozen times of an afternoon to make a sketch of some lovely spot in the surrounding country? Is not our Sovereign so much in love with Aix that she has bought land here, and is building herself a villa? These facts are surely sufficient to induce a loyal Englishman to visit the old Aquæ Gratiæ, the more so as the waters are famous for their efficacy in rheumatic affections. And who has not rheumatism of some sort, either latent or declared? Julius Cæsar, thanks to tent-life and the exposure of camps, must have been very rheumatic, and he was one of the first to resort to the twenty-one days' cure, Aix happening to be conveniently situated on the road which he took every year on going home from Gaul to his Italian winter-quarters. The Aix waters did not kill Cæsar, for we know that Brutus accomplished that task. Later, Henri IV. and several of his courtiers bathed for one hour in the waters of Aix, and survived, although none of them were accustomed to the use of water, even for partial washing purposes.

Having duly reflected over these facts, I came to Aix; and I do not regret it, for the town itself is amusing, and the country around is delightful. Aix is in a green valley hemmed in by mountains, the Alps of Grenoble and of Italy, here jagged and bristling with grey rock, there clad with dark-green pines, over which purple shadows gather as the afternoon sun lowers. Hard by is the lake of Bourget, which is not inferior in charm to the lakes of Como and Maggiore, and which Lamartine has sung in a famous poem. Within a short distance is Annecy and its lake, and in the opposite direction Chambéry, and between these two extreme points is a district of about fifty miles, which is a most excellent pasture-ground for those who wish to combine the pursuit of health with a pleasant life and beautiful and interesting scenery. The scenery of Aix has found its panegyrist in prose and verse in Lamartine, whose "Raphael" is full of enthusiastic descriptions, while Chambéry and Annecy are identified with Jean Jacques Rousseau and Madame De Warens, "Les Charmettes" being still a favourite excursion. Chambéry is not a very interesting town, but the going to any of these places is delightful, thanks to the succession of wooded hills, fertile vales, roaring torrents, and placid lakes which meet the eye as one rides along. And then the mind dwells willingly upon the souvenir of two great writers who have done much to foster the modern appreciation of landscape, Rousseau and Lamartine, who have been over the ground before us and bequeathed to the scenery the prestige of their admiration.

Life at Aix varies with the seasons, but it is always hydrotherapeutic, agreeable, and uneventful. At half-past four in the morning the Bath Establishment opens its gates, the porter appears in his majesty and in his livery, the inspectors don their gold-bound caps, and the patients begin to arrive, borne by carriers in queer Sedan chairs around which are hung curtains of cotton stuff striped red and white. In the streets at this early hour there is considerable movement of Sedan chairs, of more robust patients who go to their bath on foot, and of village folks who are coming to market with their primitive waggons drawn by yokes of patient oxen. Gradually the doctors begin to arrive, and towards high bathing time, from eight to ten a.m., you will see some twenty doctors lounging around the entrance of the Bath Establishment, laying wait for their patients, listening to their complaints, pawing them over affectionately, and otherwise entreating them kindly and attentively. The Aix doctors have domiciles and consulting hours; but they are essentially peripatetics, and their consulting-room is the street and the market-place. As for the Establishment, its arrangement is satisfactory, although it might be improved in many respects in details of fittings and dressing-rooms. But, as regards natural resources, it is unrivalled: the two sulphur springs of Aix produce in the course of twenty-four hours four million litres of water, having a natural heat varying between 114 and 117 deg. Fahr., to reduce which temperature natural cold water is added, so that in the course of an average day some seven million litres of water are used in the Establishment and about two thousand operations performed. These operations are of various kinds, mostly douches, but there are also swimming-baths, ordinary baths, vapour-baths, spray douches and inhalations—the latter for throat and nose diseases. But the specialty of Aix is the relief, if not the cure, of rheumatism and rheumatic gout of different kinds by means of vapour and swimming baths combined with douches. These douches are administered in chambers where the patient sits on a low chair, with his feet in warm water, while two shampooers, each armed with a hydrant, rub and knead him all over, and at the same time bring two streams of thermal water to play upon him, manipulating the hydrants with their legs and rubbing and kneading with their hands. Whether the sulphurous or other mineral qualities of the Aix waters do any good is not certain, and perhaps it is safer to attribute the success of the treatment to the thermality of the water combined with the skill of the *masseurs* or shampooers, who are most wonderful operators. These *masseurs* profess to have learnt their secrets from the Orientals at the time of the Crusades, since when they have handed them down from father to son, and from mother to daughter. It is a fact that the occupation is hereditary, and zealously guarded in a small number of families; but what secret these *masseurs* have, beyond long experience, it is hard to see.

The amusements of Aix, apart from walks and excursions, are centred in two casinos, each having vast gardens, a restaurant, a theatre, an orchestra of sixty musicians, a marionette show, half a dozen baccarat-tables, and scores of funkeys, in knee-breeches and gorgeous coats. Every afternoon there are concerts, every evening theatrical or operatic performances or a ball, and twice a week there are fireworks and all sorts of splendour, the whole paid for by the gamblers. The expenses of these two casinos are enormous, and no ordinary receipts could cover the outlay. The deficit is made up by the profits of the gambling-tables, which during the months of July, August, and September produce about one million francs profit for each casino; for in the summer Aix is a very gay place, and a favourite resort of gamblers, who are amusing enough to observe, and whose vice contributes greatly to the comfort of the other visitors, by paying, as we have seen, for much brilliancy and amusement which could not otherwise be afforded. At present there are many English in Aix, although our countrymen are supposed to come only in the months of May, June, and September; July and August being reserved to the French visitors, and called the French season.

T. C.

AN IMPROMPTU TENNIS.

A pretty sight they are, these two, this fair summer morning, among the dewy branches of the rose-garden, all unconscious that anyone is looking at them. Minna, the daughter of the house, her white hands wet with flowers, is cutting fresh blossoms for the breakfast-table, and that tall fellow, the Professor, who at home used to get up only when the college bell was ringing, has actually risen half an hour earlier than he need have done in order to hold the basket for her. He is not looking at the costly little circlet of diamonds sparkling upon her finger, but at the bright dark eyes swimming under the edge of that delightful straw hat; where, doubtless, he is getting some fresh light upon the Greek particles. For they are engaged, Minna and he, and he is coming back in the autumn to carry her off and transplant her, like some bright-petalled flower, in his dim old college city.

But there is the voice of our host greeting them from the porch below, and the Professor comes forward eagerly to shake hands with him. Young Rossdhu has driven down to say that some friends arrived at their house last night, and his mother will be glad if we can go up to tennis and luncheon there this morning. No other engagement will be broken by this, and a day on that velvet lawn among the pine-woods will be delightful; so the carriage has been ordered for eleven o'clock. The day promises to be very warm here by the sea, but more air will perhaps be moving up yonder among the hills, and there will always be the shadow of the old beeches to rest under. When breakfast is over, then, it will just be time to get ready, though it is tempting to linger in the quiet cool little room, at the white-spread table with its freshness of flowers—the full-blowing *Maréchal Niel* and the languorous yellow tea-roses set there by dainty fingers.

Outside, the sunshine is very hot already, and the last dew-drop has long ago dried from the scarlet petals of the geraniums in the urns. The ponies at the door, too, are impatiently whisking their tails and twitching their ears to keep off the flies.

There could be no more enjoyable drive than that along this road of the far north, running a mile or two first within sight of the blue glistening sea, and then turning inland. The road itself, of that dazzling sandy whiteness peculiar to the district, is perfectly dry and smooth; and while from the deep grasses of the bank on each side and from the warren beyond come the hot passion-breath of the golden-flowered whin and the soft amorous sigh of the milky-clouded meadowsweet, there is ever in sight the broad country, rich in old forests, showing here and there the grey tower of some ancient castle, and stretching away to the mountains purple yonder under the speckless sky. Then it turns off suddenly into the pine woods of Rossdhu, and the wheels roll noiseless upon the soft bed of fir needles.

Twenty years ago, when old Rossdhu found that, owing to the repeal of the corn laws, it would no longer be profitable to grow wheat, like many another proprietor here in the north he planted his lands with trees. And so while the country buys its bread with the riches of ore and fossil stored up aeons ago in Nature's grim treasure-caverns underground, the soil, at rest from plough and harrow, is growing young again amid the forests under the brown depth of mouldering leaf and cone.

There is deep quiet among the warm pine-woods, a sort of enchanted stillness amid the yellow sunshine. In the bosky hollow there, where the brown butterfly is hovering, old Pan might be asleep among the fern. The feathery grasses everywhere are in flower, as high as a man's shoulder; above them shimmers the great green dragon-fly, two inches long, with his gossamer wings; and from among their clouds at places little ladybird beetles, like pin-heads, spotted scarlet and black, fall into the carriage in their flight. The wild strawberry with its tiny white blossom is growing on the sunny banks of the road, and wild rasps spread their tangle in the undergrowth beyond.

Here in the narrow meadow amidst the woods a lonely mower is at work, and the air is sweet with the scent of new-mown hay. He lifts his cap respectfully as the carriage passes, for the manners of the district have not been corrupted yet by contact with rude railway navvies, or by the shortcomings of Board schools, and the peasant still exchanges a recognition with his superior. How much more kindness might exist between the social classes if there were a Government grant to be earned by politeness in our schools! All stored now-a-days is set upon the three "Rs"—reading, writing, and arithmetic—as if the whole sum of human felicity lay in a knowledge of the "black art" of books. The mower was singing to himself, as we came up, a soft Gaelic song that kept time to the sweep of his scythe, and Minna blushes a little as she promises to translate it in the evening, for it is a song of confessed love. The man is happy, surely, singing as he sees the glistening swathes fall by his side to ripen in the sun; and well he may be, for has he not, like the happy birds, a nest, too, somewhere in these woods, and a chubby brown brood that will greet his home-coming at nightfall?

But the manor-house is close by now, and there on the smooth green lawn among the trees the tennis-nets are spread and the courts marked with white lines on the grass. A beautiful old place it is, its grey stone walls hot with the sunshine, and, among the thick-climbing jessamine and fuchsia, the open windows revealing tempting depths of shadow within. The sound of the wheels on the gravel brings out old Rossdhu himself, the soul of hospitality, with half a dozen of his dogs barking a welcome after their fashion and wagging their tails. Shaggy-bearded as some of his own peasants, the old gentleman is the pink of Highland courtesy, and he assists "Miss Minna" to alight as if he were handing out a Princess. "Alec," that is his son, he explains, "is busy inside," and the frequent popping of corks heard there intimates his occupation.

The dark cool drawing-room is bright with the light dresses of young girls, and musical with the murmur of happy laughter, while the air that just stirs the creamy gossamer of the curtains brings in with it the fragrance of the dark velvety wallflower still flowering out there in the sunshine before the window. The lady of the house is an invalid, and Rossdhu begs that Minna will give her just one song before everybody goes out to the game. So Minna draws off her gloves, and the piano is opened. And it is very pleasant to sit in the deep shadow by the open casement, looking out upon the sunny lawn and woods, and listening to the melody of that sweet young voice. It is a Jacobite song she sings, "The Auld Hoose," some other such place as this, with low-roofed rooms, dark-panelled and oaken-raftered, where the hopes of gentle hearts blossomed and withered long ago with the fortunes of their fair, ill-fated Prince. The plaintive words linger with their air in the memory, how "the auld lady"—

Here sheltered Scotland's heir,
And cut a lock w' her ain hand,
Frae his lang yellow hair.

Then, afterwards, when everybody has had enough of the ices and the claret-cup, there is the tennis; and though it is somewhat warm work for those actually playing, there are seats under the leafy beeches and chestnut-trees, where a quiet *litt'l-tête-à-tête* can be enjoyed, and a lazy glance cast at the light-clad figures of the players out in the sunsh' white balls that fly to and fro across the nets. A delightful occupation for the hours of a



NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, 1887.

SEE THE KEY TO THIS VIEW, PAGE 79.

CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

It is to be regretted that Colonel Frank Russell did not condense into a single volume the materials at his disposal for writing a memoir of *Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth* (Chapman and Hall). There are few characters in the military history of our country which suggest more brilliant qualities than the young English Commander who suddenly shot like a meteor across European history, and, for a moment, seemed destined to change its course. Unfortunately, nearly every paper of importance relating to Peterborough's public career has been destroyed; and, although in private life he had the reputation of being both a wit and an accomplished writer, there is nothing, beyond a few letters to Mrs. Howard (the Countess of Suffolk), Pope, and Swift, to sustain his reputation as a correspondent. Colonel Russell seems to lend the weight of his belief to the story that Voltaire, during his stay in England, undertook to write a memoir of his host and benefactor, but that, although the money was paid, the task was never performed. Colonel Russell, therefore, has had to fall back upon the histories of Lord Macaulay and Lord Stanhope, making from the latter copious extracts. These brilliant sketches he has filled up with personal traits and reminiscences obtained from various contemporary manuscripts, which formed part of the Ashburnham (or Stowe) collection recently purchased for the British Museum. A still more fruitful source of knowledge has been the discovery of the journal of Colonel De St. Pierre, an officer of the Royal Dragoons, who served under Peterborough in Spain. This diary would probably afford more conclusive evidence in support of Colonel Russell's estimate of Peterborough had it been printed verbatim, especially as it contravenes in many important particulars Dr. John Freind's "Account," which, since its publication in 1707, has generally been regarded as a trustworthy, though not altogether an impartial history of the campaign in Spain subsequent to the siege of Barcelona.

For the public, as well as for the purposes of history, Peterborough's career began and ended with the war of the Spanish Succession. Previous to its outbreak, he had, at the age of sixteen, embarked as a naval volunteer in an expedition against the Algerine pirates, and promptly distinguished himself in a "cutting out" expedition under the leadership of Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Clondesley Shovel. His first period of naval service lasted nearly three years, and on his return home in 1677, having, in the interval succeeded to his father's title and estates, he married with hasty inconsiderateness a daughter of Sir Peter Fraser, of Durrig. There is some confusion in Colonel Russell's dates of the subsequent events; but we may take it that Lord Mordaunt, after a brief stay at home, again embarked for service in the Mediterranean; but after the disastrous operations before Tangiers he returned to England, and for five-and-twenty years lived, with a short spell of military service in the Low Countries, the life of an aspiring politician, in open hostility with the Court party and the house of Stuart. With many other public men, he found himself in Holland on the eve of the Revolution; and on the accession of William III. to the Throne of England Lord Mordaunt's help was recognised by his being made First Commissioner of the Treasury and Earl of Monmouth; but he held office less than eighteen months, though for many years he took an active part in politics, and on several occasions freely criticised the action of the Government, and became mixed up with the "Fenwick Plot." At that time he was living at Parson's-green, in the neighbourhood of Fulham, where traces of his beautiful gardens survived until the comparatively modern invasion of that suburb by the speculative builder.

Those who desire to read the account of Lord Peterborough's "Campaign in Spain" will find it minutely followed in these volumes, and Colonel Russell's story is told with spirit and clearness. For a time Peterborough was supported from home, and his brilliant achievements with inadequate forces were appreciated by the Government and applauded by the people; but public temper soon changed, and little interest was felt in a costly war which seemed to lead to no practical results. To the ordinary English taxpayer it mattered but little whether the ruler of Spain belonged to an Austrian or French stock, whether he was to be called Charles or Alfonso, and by degrees the Ministry seemed to have participated in the general feeling. The war languished; the timid Lord Galway replaced the audacious Lord Peterborough, and General Stanhope was ultimately allowed to mismanage the campaign until the Peace of Utrecht imposed a temporary restraint on the political schemers of all countries. Lord Peterborough passed the next few years in flying from one part of Europe to another, making himself feared, loved, or hated at every Court—and doubtless picking up vast stores of information, all of which are unfortunately lost to us. In consequence of his connection with the Whig Ministry, the Tories were eager, after his return, for an inquiry into his conduct, and Lord Peterborough was only anxious that such inquiry should be complete. In 1710, three years after his return from Spain, the investigation, which ended in his complete vindication, began, and lasted many months. After its conclusion he remained for some time taking part in public affairs, which were alternately guided by St. John and Harley. But his dislike to the House of Stuart was not fully shared by his friends and colleagues, and after a short time Peterborough retired altogether from political life. He subsequently married—secretly at first—Anastasia Robinson, a well-known singer of her day, who bore as high a character in the eighteenth as Jenny Lind in the nineteenth century. It was only after many years of union with this accomplished lady that he publicly acknowledged his marriage; but on his deathbed he bore witness to her constant affection and unremitting attention. This dread of public opinion might perhaps suggest that Peterborough's character, chivalrous in many respects, was not altogether *sans peur*, as, indeed, his private life was not *sans reproche*.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, the 7th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart., M.P., in the chair. Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £88 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution, the crews of shore-boats, and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Other payments, amounting to £5941, were ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were—£700 from Mrs. Shaw, of Exeter, to defray the cost of the new life-boat about to be sent to Dartmouth, the boat to be named the Henry and Amanda Shaw; £75, annual subscription, from Mr. E. F. White and Miss White, of Blackheath; £10 10s. from Mr. H. C. Knox, of Junagadh, India; £5 9s. 2d., profits of newspaper started on the steam-ship St. Sunniva on her second Norwegian cruise; and £4 5s., proceeds of entertainment on board the R.M.S. Galicia, per Captain Brunton Park.

New life-boats were sent during the past month to Fraserburgh, Staithes, and Worthing.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

T B R (Dublin).—We shall endeavour to comply with your request after the holidays. We are, at present, far from the "huddling crowd."
H H (Streatham).—The City of London Chess Club, Newgate-street, should suit. The subscription is less than a guinea.
G H (Manchester).—Thanks; the new problem shall receive early attention.
P M S (Tottenham).—In No. 255 you are required to mate in two moves. Any tyro could, of course, win the game.
NORTH-BAC (Caterham).—(1.) You certainly did send the solution of Mr. Henley's problem. It was the first we received pointing out 1. Q takes B. (2.) We cannot alter our arrangements to suit the convenience of a few solvers. Some correspondents want the solutions printed with the problem; others want the publication to be deferred for a couple of months. The majority, however, are satisfied with the present arrangement.
P J (Broadmoor).—Mr. Hewart Scott will probably explain the undoubted resemblance of his problem to No. 188, by Mr. Callander.
LINT-COLONEL L.—We shall have to refer to the file to answer your question. Meantime, you should surely discover the defence to a weak attack in a two-move problem.
J B F (Deal).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2216 received from J C Wylie (Lydenburg, Transvaal); of Nos. 2246, 2247, and 2248 from O H B (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2254 from John C Bremner and Thomas Chown; of Nos. 2254, 2255, and 2256 from Pierce Jones; of No. 2255 from John G Grant, J Dudley, John C Bremner, T G (Ware), Lucio Vecchi, Casimiro Basto, and A M Austen.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2256 received from J D Tucker, John G Grant, L Desanges, R H Brooks, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), Sladforth, A M Austen, Thomas Chown, Columbus R Womers, G E P, E E H, W R Railton, James D Hannan, Sergeant James Sage, E Casella (Paris), North-Bac, Jupiter Junior, T Roberts, R L Southwell, H Lucas, Rev. Winfield Cooper, W Hilher, John C Bremner, L Falcon (Antwerp), Ben Nevis, J A Schumcke, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C Darragh, E Louden, C Oswald, H Wardell, Lieutenant-Colonel F Loraine, Joseph Ainsworth, L Wyman, G W Law, E Elsbury, N S Harris, R Tweedell, B R Wood, A C Hunt, E Featherstone, Nerina, S Bullen, R F N Banks, and Major Prichard.

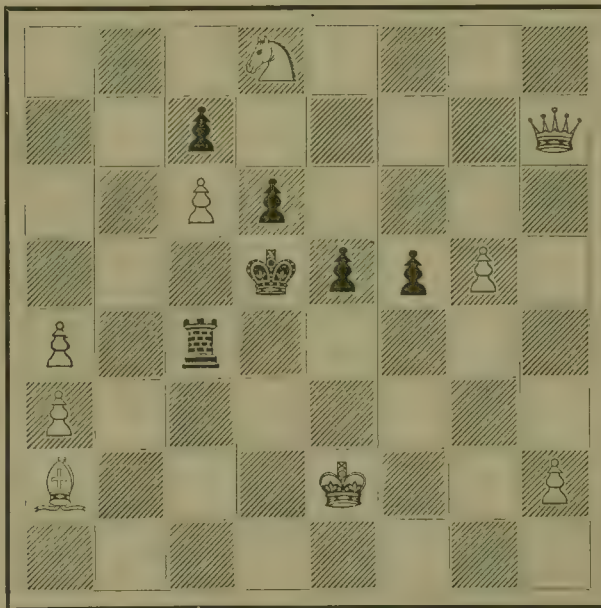
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2255.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R sq. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2258.

By C GILES FULLER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

An off-hand skirmish between Messrs. POLLOCK and BURN.

(Q B Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	16. P to Q Kt 4th	B to K 6th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Kt to Q 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
3. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	18. Kt to Kt 3rd	
4. Q to R 4th	P takes P		
5. Kt takes P	Q to Q 4th		
6. B to Q Kt 5th			
7. P to K B 4th	Kt to K 2nd		
8. Kt takes B	K takes Kt		
9. Castles	Kt to B 4th		
10. P to Q 4th	P takes P, en pas.		
11. R to Q sq	B to B 4th (ch)		
12. K to B sq			
13. R takes P	Q to K 3rd		
14. B takes Kt	P takes B		
15. Q to Q sq			
16. R to K sq			
17. Kt to K 5th			
18. Kt to K 6th			
19. Kt to K 7th			
20. Kt to K 8th			
21. Q takes P (ch)	Q takes Q		
22. Kt takes Q	B takes B		
23. R takes B	R to K 5th		
24. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 4th		
25. R to Q 4th	P to B 3rd		
26. P to Q 4th	Q R to K sq		
27. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to K 6th (ch)		
28. K to Kt sq	Q R to K 2nd		
29. P to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd		
30. P to R 5th (ch)	K to B 4th		
31. R takes R	R takes R		
32. Kt to B 6th	R to K 5th		
33. Kt takes R P	R to K 5th		
34. P to R 6th	K to Kt 3rd		
35. R to K sq	Kt to Q 4th		
36. P to Q 4th	R takes P		
37. Kt to B 8th (ch)	K takes P		
38. R to R sq	P to Q 4th		
39. P to R 7th			
	and Black resigned.		

The Congress of the Scottish Chess Association was opened at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on Monday last, and play has been progressing throughout the week. As our readers know, we go to press too early to record any details of the meeting. The several tournaments arranged are (1) a major tournament, open to all members of the association on payment of an entrance fee of ten shillings; a minor tournament, with an entrance fee of five shillings; and a handicap tournament.

The fifth congress of the German Chess Association will be opened at Frankfurt on Monday next, the 18th inst. A very large number of masters have entered for the principal tourney. Among others, Mackenzie, Baumgarten, Anders, and Vorrath, from the United States; Bardeleben and Schallopp, from Berlin; Bauer, from Vienna; Taubenhaus, from Paris; Tschigorin, from St. Petersburg; and Messrs. Blackburne, Zukertort, Mason, Gunsberg, Burn, and Bird from London.

The Indian Government has announced the issue of a new Rupee Loan of 200 lakhs, bearing interest at 4 per cent.

The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office a silver vase and a gold watch and chain, which have been awarded by the President of the United States respectively to Captain Charles J. Wasson, master, and Mr. T. H. Fraser, mate of the British barque Latona, for their humane services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner Sarah H. Baice, on Nov. 21, 1886.—The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for humanity in saving life at sea to Captain L. G. Star, master of the steamer Juno, of Bristol, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the steamer George Moore, of Port Glasgow, whom he rescued off the Smalls, Bristol Channel, on May 21. The Board have also awarded their silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to Mr. T. Eastaway, second mate of the Juno; and their bronze medal to James English, John Dyer, Thomas Pike, and John Lang, who manned the boat which effected the rescue.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1886) of Mr. George Crosfield, late of 109, Lancaster-gate, S.W., who died on the 7th ult., was proved on the 4th inst. by Charles Norris Nicholson and Robert Henry Benson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £320,000. The testator gives all his furniture, plate, glass, linen, wines, pictures, consumable stores, carriages, horses, and household effects, to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Crosfield, for life, and then to his daughter, Mrs. Amy Letitia Nicholson, absolutely; £500 to each executor; £2600 per year to his said daughter during the life of his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death he gives £10,000 each to the five children of his brother John. The ultimate residue he leaves, upon trust, for his said daughter, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1877), with two codicils (dated respectively Dec. 12, 1877, and June 12, 1886), of the Right Hon. Harriet Bettina Frances, Countess of Orford, late of Florence, Italy, who died on Nov. 9 last, was proved on the 20th ult., by William Cornwallis Cartwright and Frederick Lucas Capron, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to her executors and to servants, and also one for the saying of fifty masses. The residue of her property she gives to her daughter, Dorothy Elizabeth Mary, Duchess De Balzo. Under the powers given to her by her marriage settlement, she directs that on the death of the Earl of Orford, the property subject to the settlement shall be sold, and out of the proceeds two sums of £25,000 and £35,000 shall be paid on certain conditions to her said daughter, absolutely; and the remainder of the said settlement property to be held, upon trust, for her daughter for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1885), with a codicil (dated May 16, 1887), of Miss Maria Beaumont, late of No. 122, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, who died on May 30 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by John Edward Wilson and John William Pease, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £62,000. The testatrix bequeaths to Mrs. Catherine Pennefather £1000, to establish a bed in the hospital under her superintendence, at the Mildmay Conference Hall; £3000 to such charities and institutions in connection with the Mildmay Conference Hall and the Deaconesses' Home, Mildmay Park, Stoke Newington, as she may think fit; and £1000 to be applied by her for the benefit of the hospital at Furnlie-square, Bethnal-green. She also bequeaths £1000 each to the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic (Queen's-square, Bloomsbury), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution (Euston-road), and the London City Mission; £500 each to Dr. Barnardo's East-End Juvenile Mission, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), the Asylum for Fatherless Children (Reedham), and the Asylum for Invalids (Stoke Newington); £200 each to the Orphan Working School (Haverstock-hill), the British Orphan Asylum (Slough), the London Orphan Asylum (Watford), and the Home for Confirmed Invalids (Aubert Park, Highbury); £100 to the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females (Clapton), and very numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants, all free of duty. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her cousin, Samuel Lloyd Stacey.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1881) of Mrs. Eliza Florence, late of 9, Prince's-gate, Hyde Park, who died on April 14 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Henry Louis Florence and Ernest Badinius Florence, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testatrix makes special bequests of her freehold, leasehold, and copyhold property to her two sons and her daughter, Ellen Eliza. The residue of her property she leaves to her three children, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 18, 1861) of Mr. Henry William Clifford, late of 107, Jermyn-street, St. James, who died on April 7 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by the Right Hon. Mary Teresa, Baroness Petre, the sister, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator gives £1000 to his niece, the Hon. Margaret Mary Petre. The residue of his property, in consequence of the death of his brother-in-law, William Barnard, Lord Petre, to whom he leaves it by his will, becomes divisible among his next of kin.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1883) with three codicils (dated, respectively, Dec. 19, 1883; Dec. 17, 1884; and Oct. 12, 1886), of Mr. Thomas Fildes, late of Fair Lawn, Lytham, in the county of Lancaster, who died on April 27 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Mrs. Jessie Macblane Fildes, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator gives a mortgage for £2000 and interest, £500, and all his furniture, glass, horses and carriages, and household effects, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children. In default of children, the residue goes to the children of his brother, John Joseph Fildes, and of his sister, Mrs. Mary Winttingham, equally.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1882), with a codicil (dated Oct. 6, 1886), of Mrs. Charlotte Frances Brownley, late of Fairlawn, East-End, Finchley, who died on May 15 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by Walter Hughes, the Rev. Alfred William Mason, and John Borradaile, the executors, the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testatrix gives £250 each to the Smallpox and Vaccination Hospital (Highgate), the University College Hospital, and the Refuge for the Destitute (Dalston); £50 to the Convalescent Home (Finchley); £2000 to her faithful attendant Jane Wilkinson; and very numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to Walter Hughes, the Rev. Alfred William Mason, and John Borradaile, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 10, 1886) of Major-General Sir Charles Metcalfe MacGregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., has been recently proved—June 4, 1887—at £2981. Testator leaves everything to his "wife, absolutely, in the full trust that she will use it for the best good of herself and my daughter."

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. James Grant, novelist and historian, author of "The Romance of War," "The Aide-de-Camp," &c., who died on May 5 last, without leaving any will, were granted on the 8th ult. to Mrs. Christian Macdonald Grant, the widow, the value of the personal estate exceeding £400.

The Archdeaconry of Hereford, which has been vacant for some time, has been conferred upon the Hon. and Rev. B. L. S. Stanhope, Rector of Byford.

Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell and a Middlesex jury had before them on the 7th inst. the duty of assessing the damages in an action for breach of promise of marriage in which the plaintiff was Mrs. Childs, a widow of forty, with nine children, and the defendant, Mr. Arden, about the same age. The jury gave a verdict for £200.

“No effort, however small, put forth for the Right Cause, fails of its effect. No voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth, ever dies amidst confused noises of Time. Through discords of sin, sorrow, pain, and wrongs, it rises in a deathless melody, whose notes of wailing are hereafter to be changed to those of triumph, AS THEY BLEND WITH THE GREAT HARMONY OF A RECONCILED UNIVERSE.”

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"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

HEALTH IS A DUTY.—EXPERIENTIA DOCET!

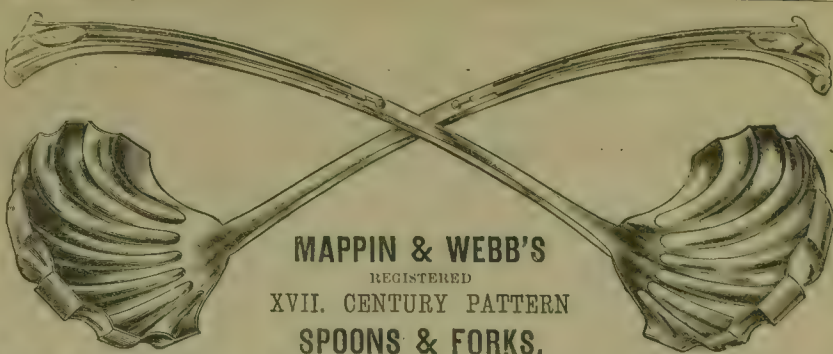
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"April 12, 1887.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET!"

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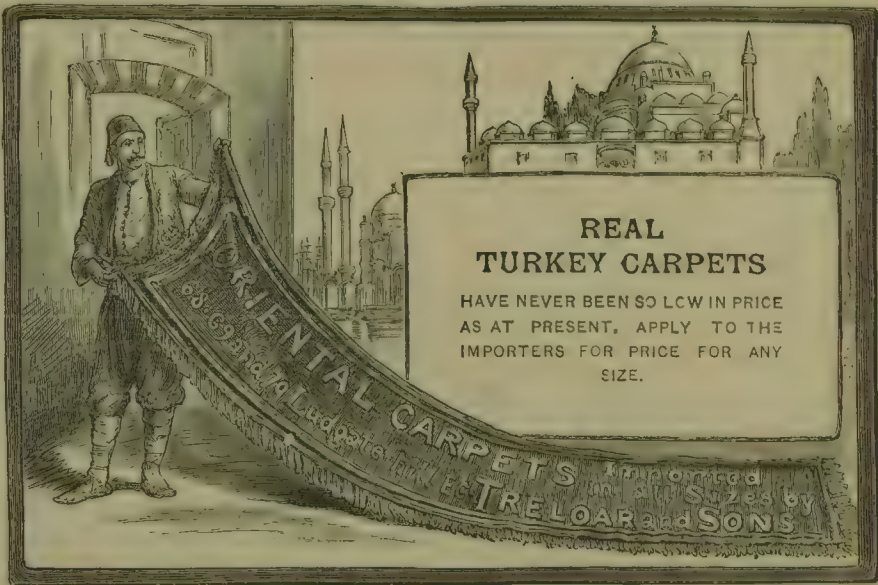


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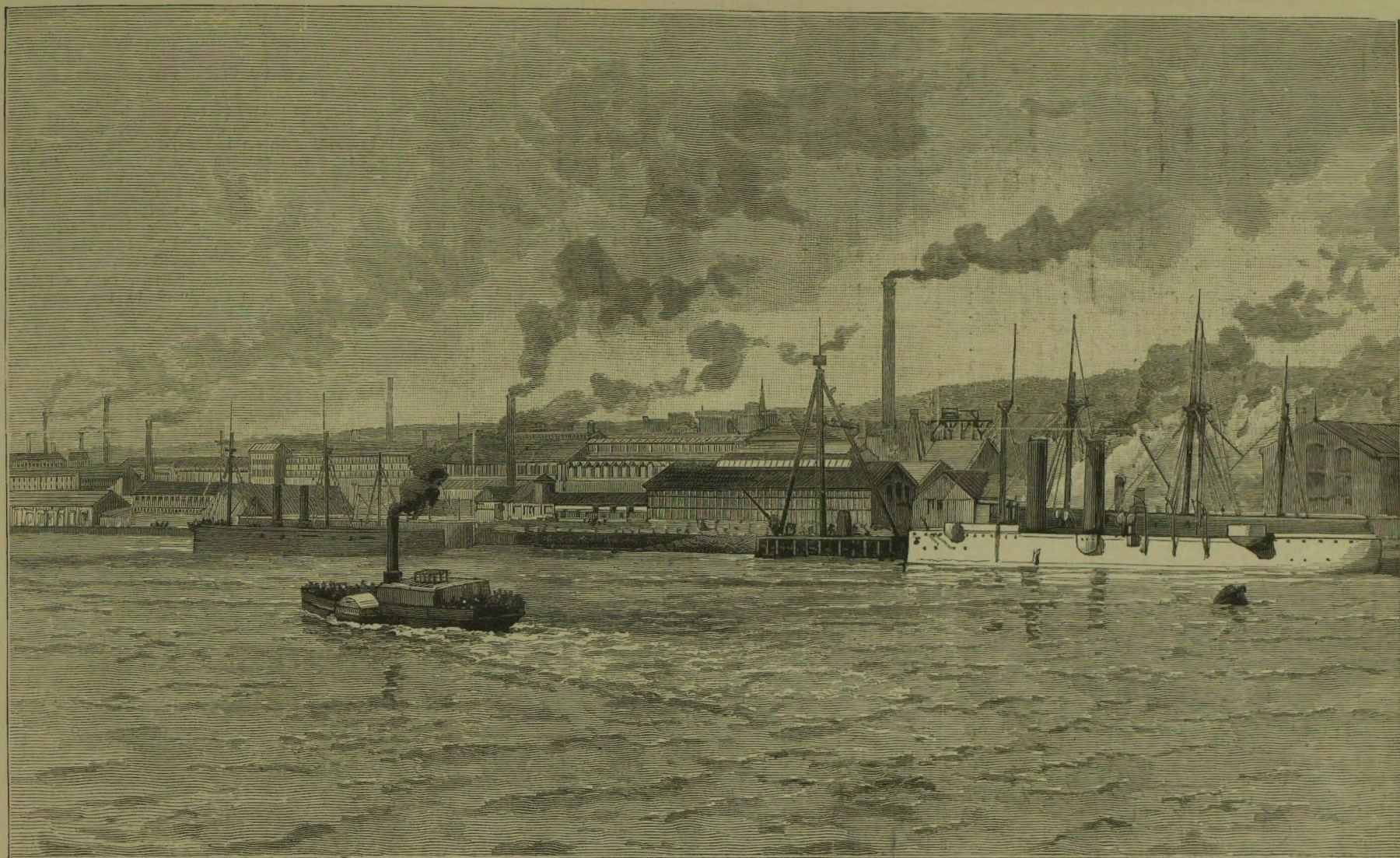


BLAGDON HALL, THE SEAT OF SIR-MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, BART.,
VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION.

SKETCHES OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



ELSWICK WORKS—GENERAL VIEW.

THE ELSWICK WORKS.

On the banks of the Tyne, at Elswick, a western suburb of Newcastle, an immense space of ground is occupied by the great iron, mechanical engineering, shipbuilding, and ordnance-manufacturing establishment of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. These embrace three blast-furnaces for the smelting of hæmatite and other superior descriptions of iron ores, and large engineering shops, in which are manufactured hydraulic appliances used for a variety of purposes, but chiefly for raising and moving heavy weights, opening and shutting dock-gates, revolving swing bridges, loading and training heavy ordnance, &c. Here, also, is a foundry, and, now in course of formation, what will be the largest steel-works in the kingdom. Another branch of the business, which has given a world-wide notoriety to Elswick, is the manufacture of ordnance, from the small field-gun to the monster of 110 tons, with all that belongs to them—shot and shell, carriages, and hydraulic arrangements for working them.

This Company has two shipyards, one at Elswick and the other at Low Walker. The former has been constructed within the last four years, but has turned out a number of swift, heavily-armed cruisers, with rates of speed up to nineteen knots an hour; at present, besides vessels for other nations, three are being built for the British Government. One of them is H.M.S. Renown, an armour-plated ship 340 ft. in length, and 70 ft. beam. This ship, when in seagoing trim, will have a displacement of nearly 11,000 tons, and will draw 27 ft. 3 in. In this instance especial care had to be exercised in the stability of the building berth, as the dead weight upon it before launching will be about 5000 tons. For this purpose piles were driven down from 45 ft. to 55 ft. to a solid base, and securely braced together. Two berths of this

description have been constructed, the number of piles driven being 2300, requiring 144,000 cubic feet of timber.

The Walker yard was founded many years ago, by a director of the Company, Mr. Charles Mitchell. In it many vessels of a special character have been built, including two ships for ocean cable-laying, the Hooper and the Faraday. The Staunch gun-boat was the first of her kind for coast defence. Another notable war-ship built here was the Esmeralda, the pioneer of the new class of swift cruisers which carry heavy ordnance fore and aft, with smaller side-guns.

Sir William Armstrong's Company are also establishing, for the Italian Navy, extensive ordnance and shipbuilding works near Pozzuoli, in the Bay of Naples.

BLAGDON HALL.

This mansion, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is the residence of Sir Matthew Ridley, Bart., who has entertained the Prince of Wales as his guest. Sir Matthew, the fifth Baronet of his line, was born in 1842, and succeeded in 1877 to the title. It was conferred in 1756 on Mr. Matthew White, of Blagdon, High Sheriff of Northumberland that year, with remainder to the heirs of his sister, wife of Mr. Matthew Ridley, of Heaton, Northumberland. On his death it devolved upon her son, Sir Matthew White Ridley, a name which has ever since been associated, in successive representatives of the family, with the city and county where they have lived. The View of Blagdon Hall is from a photograph by Messrs. Laws and Son, of Newcastle.

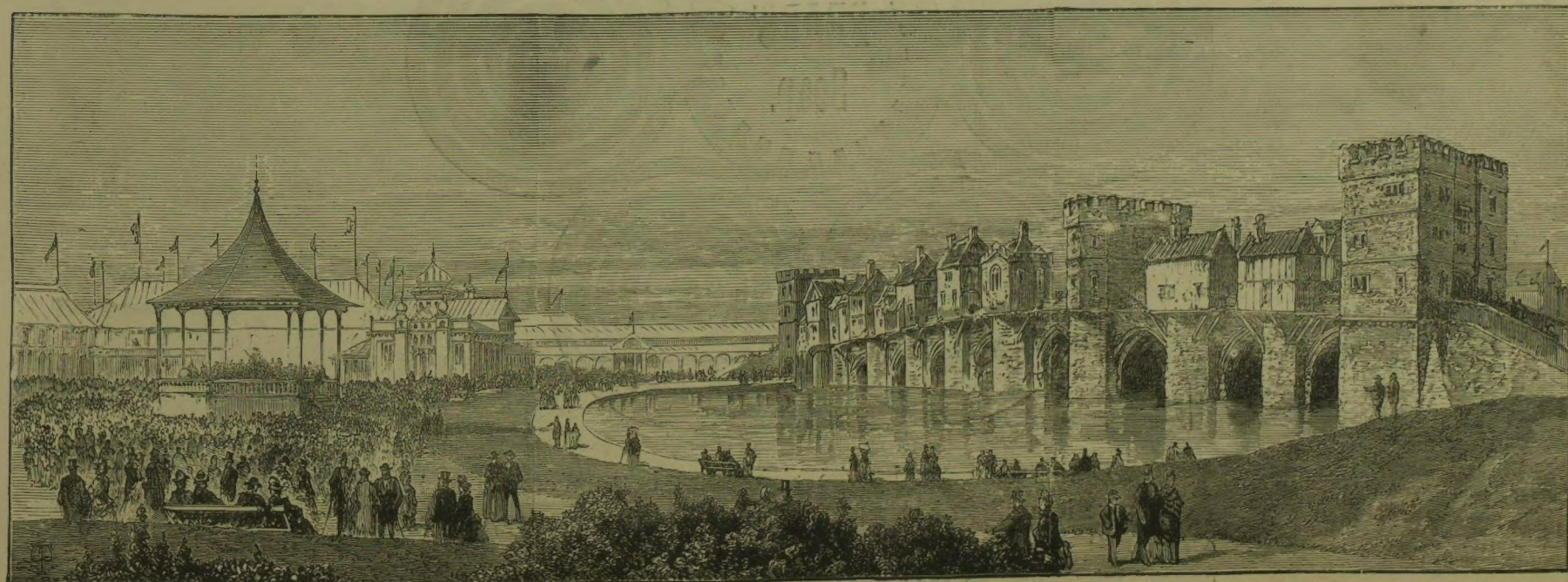
The Queen has intimated her intention to confer peerages upon Earl Percy, eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland, and the Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard, M.P.

THE OLD TYNE BRIDGE.

The most interesting object in the extensive grounds of the Newcastle Royal Jubilee Exhibition is a reproduction of the Old Bridge over the Tyne, which, like Old London Bridge, had numerous shops upon its piers, and was defended at each end by a portcullis and fortifications. The modern reproduction of this structure is two-thirds of the original size, and is supported on a framework of timber, built with great care and regard for strength. It has been erected under the superintendence of Mr. P. J. Messent, C.E. The principal features of the bridge are the magazine and prison towers of the Newcastle end; the tower which faced towards Gateshead; and the Chapel of the Virgin, modelled from the building which occupied a site on the bridge so early as 1429. The shops are very curious and interesting. On the Gateshead side they are continuous for half of the length of the bridge, but on the Newcastle side they are detached. The total length of the restoration is 340 ft., the widest span is 35 ft., and the height of the centre, from the lake over which the bridge has been built, is 20 ft. In one of the shops on the bridge are exhibited various objects of interest which have been lent by the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Charles Isaac Elton, Q.C., M.P., has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, in succession to the late Mr. Josiah William Smith.

A meeting of advocates of the temperance cause was held on the 7th inst. at Exeter Hall, in order to present a testimonial to Mr. Robert Rae in recognition of his work for the past twenty-five years in connection with the National Temperance League. The testimonial, which was presented by the Bishop of London, took the form of an illuminated address, with a purse of £1550.



MODEL OF THE OLD TYNE BRIDGE, IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Macmillan's Magazine.—The literary and philosophical merits of Berkeley, who is said to be reviving as a subject of study, are discussed by Professor Clark Murray. Mr. H. D. Traill satirises the ordinary tone of literary conversations, in an imaginary dialogue, entitled "Chatter about Shelley." A wild murder-story of British Columbia in 1860, called "An Adventure in Cariboo," will stir the blood. "The Humour of Molière," "Theocritus in Sicily," a well-finished picture of Benacus, on the Lake of Garda, associated with the most charming and original of Latin poets, and a sketch of the romantic career of Montrose, will please readers of cultivated taste. Mr. F. Marion Crawford pursues his strange and weird fancy of raising the ghosts of "the Immortals"—this time, Julius Cæsar, Leonardo da Vinci, and Francis I.—to talk about themselves and one another, in presence of a modern English family party. It seems to us an inevitable failure. Mr. W. Allingham's little poem, "At a Window," is gracefully turned.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The disturbance of established personal relations by Colonel Hayward's discovery of his long-lost daughter, in "Joyce," is portrayed with much distinctness. An account of the little we know of the Hittites—perhaps more than we really do know—is given in the next paper, which is followed by a grateful eulogy of Ilfracombe. "The Twins," professedly a translation from the Chinese, is a droll story of two sisters, whose parents quarrel about choosing husbands for them; while the young ladies, having a pair of lovers of their own choice, gain their ends, by favour of the chief Government official, through the competitive literary examination. Professor G. Ramsay on secondary education in Scotland, and two other writers, discussing the incapacity of the War Office and comparing the military resources of England and Russia, furnish the more solid matter. "The Old Saloon" contains literary twaddle.

Murray's Magazine.—Cardinal Manning advocates systematic direction of emigration to the British colonies for the relief of the labouring classes. "The Jewel Merchants of Mynors Court" is a short story of exciting mystery, with fears of burglary and perils of murder, enhanced by an insane delusion. The Rev. J. Bell Cox, the Liverpool clergyman who was lately imprisoned for disobedience to a Court of Law in a matter of ritual, gives his account of the affair. "A Jubilee Day's Experience" purports to be a description of squalid wretchedness at the East-End of London; but its details must be imaginary, as the topography is very incorrect. "A Bargee's Sweetheart" is a simple tale, in a tone of unaffected tenderness, of a fatal accident on a canal-boat, and of a girl's death in the infirmary. Mr. H. Seebohm describes recent improvements of electric-light apparatus in "a secondary battery." Mr. S. M. Hussey, an experienced Irish land-agent, exposes the ruin of the land-owner under the present agrarian changes. Miss Emily Lawless brings "Major Lawrence" home from India, to find his old love unhappily married to a selfish husband. "Hester's Shed" is a veteran's sympathising contemplation of Eton and Harrow aquatic contests on the Thames.

Gentleman's Magazine.—Everybody knows "Candide," the undiscriminating optimist of Voltaire's satire; "Candide at the Jubilee" (by Mr. J. A. Farrer) sees and hears a few personal instances that lead him to doubt whether anybody in England is perfectly happy. Mr. Phil Robinson's literary illustrations of natural history apply this time to grasshoppers, crickets, and locusts. A vindication of Queen Marie Antoinette; a psychological essay, by Mr. James Sully, on the non-existence of any universal genius in an individual mind; an historical sketch of Wilkes and the *North Briton*, by Mr. Fox Bourne; a brief treatise on ancient superstitions connected with the winnowing-fan, and notices of the first production of Corneille's "Cid," and the Abbey and Palace of Dunfermline, are fairly interesting articles.

Longman's Magazine.—"Allan Quatermain" will claim notice in the already published volume. The story of "Thraldom" is continued by Mr. Julian Sturgis. "Bridget," by Mr. Sheldon Clarke, is a wholesome little sketch of domestic life and character. Mr. Walter Pollock criticises the Mephistopheles of the Lyceum Theatre. The use of the bicycle and tricycle in military tactics, and the question of women's work and wages, are discussed in an instructive manner.

English Illustrated Magazine.—A new Italian story, "Marzio's Crucifix," begun by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, exhibits the revolutionary spirit in skilled Roman artist-workmen. Mr. Farjeon's story, "A Secret Inheritance," is deliberately carried on. The hardships and iniquities of privateering in the last century are exemplified by the journal of an old French mariner. Mr. Richard Jeffries, in his "Walks in the Wheat-fields," applies his rare faculty of microscopic observation to English rural nature. "Old Hook and Crook" is the portrait of a poacher of fish. There are many good engravings.

Cornhill Magazine.—The story of a Cornish country gentleman's family, the Gaverocks, by the author of "John Herring," leads good Loveday to quit her brother's house. "Princess Poppa" is the tale of an accomplished adventuress, coming from Paris to London on a diamond-stealing errand, and almost ensnaring an honest English youth. "A Visit to the Tomb of Jove" is an excursion in the island of Crete. The conditions of gold-finding, in gravel-drifts and quartz rocks, are described in one article; another treats of the history of flags and banners.

London Society.—Mrs. Alexander's story, "A Life Interest," allows the young lady named Marjory to experience the mild influences of domestic life, with fresh visitors, at a country house. Miss Corelli employs her power of expressing vehement emotion in a short tale, "The Hired Baby," laid among London street-beggars. The first portion of "The Duke of Melton," by Lady Virginia Sandars, and "Disdainful Di," a short tale of a young lady foxhunter, with the "Social Echoes," may please readers who are fond of contemplating fashionable habits and manners.

Temple Bar.—A new story, "Out of the Fog," by Mr. W. M. Hardinge, begun this month, introduces Jack Calthorpe, a young barrister, married to a vain beauty; he works hard in

his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where a pupil, clever, pleasant, and idle, comes to read with him. Mrs. Campbell-Præd relates her agreeable impressions of the United States. "Red Spider," by the author of "John Herring," is in progress. A pathetic tale, "The End of her Journey," is continued to its proper end. "None so Blind," by the authoress of "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn," is disposed of at one reading. Essays on Hamlet, on Crabbe, and on Madame De Rémusat, present some food for thought.

Belgravia.—The prince of sea-story tellers, Mr. W. Clark Russell, begins one of "The Frozen Pirate," with the wreck of a brig in collision with an iceberg off Cape Horn. The idea of purchasing a fine antique piece of furniture, "a genuine Sheraton," and finding in a drawer of the bureau some records of an old family history, deeply interesting to one's friends, is not quite new, but is used by Miss Florence Armstrong with some effect. "Lady Hartwell's Jade Ornament," "A True Love's Knot," "Sally's Lovers," and "Not for the Money," are short tales which have an agreeable flavour.

Army and Navy Magazine.—"Every Inch a Soldier," a story of military life, is continued to the twenty-fourth chapter. Major-General Mitchell describes the personal condition of "Tommy Atkins," the ordinary private soldier. The early history of the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, Indian experiences of hydrophobia, a visit to Norfolk Island, and the reform of our War Department by uniting the Army and Navy administrations, are subjects treated by other writers.

The Theatre.—This excellent monthly review of the drama, music, and the fine arts, edited by Clement Scott, contains pleasantly-written articles on "The French Stage as It Is," by Kate Venning; a further instalment of "First Nights of My Young Days," by Godfrey Turner (who, we are glad to learn, is rapidly recovering from a serious illness); "Three Arabian Nights," by Marie de Mensiaux; some graceful verses; and photographic portraits of Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Mr. Lawrence Cautley.

Harper's Monthly.—A minute description of the United States Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson, is very serviceable, and shows it to be an admirable institution. Mr. Joseph Thomson's description of the native African town of Wurnu, far up the Niger, where the Hausa population are ruled by the Mohammedan Fillani, a chivalrous copper-coloured race, is an acceptable contribution to our knowledge. The book-printing and engraving industries of America, in the details of all their processes, are explained in a useful article. Mr. W. D. Howells is writing a story called "April Hopes," and there is a Russian story, not to mention that of a lively adventure in the South during the Civil War.

Good pieces of reading may also be found in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is writing his "Hundred Days in Europe"; the *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's Monthly*, and the *Forum*, magazines of American production.

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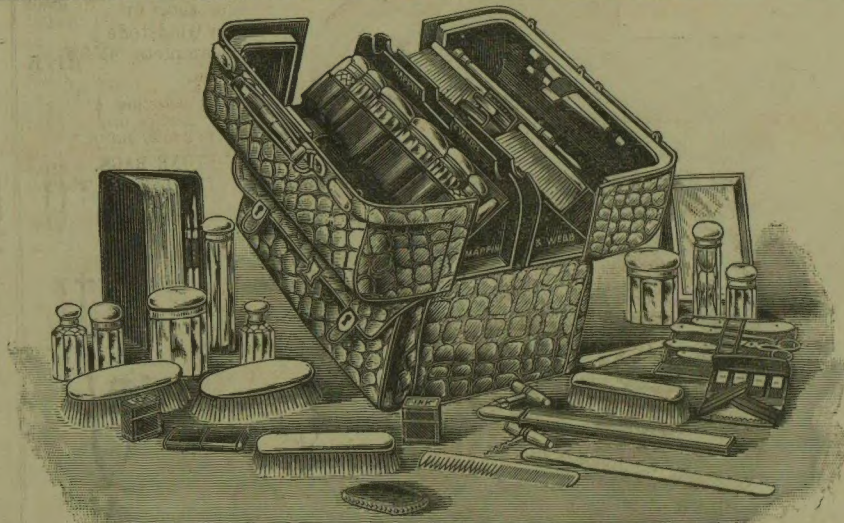
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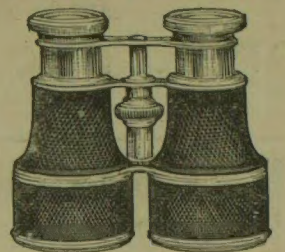
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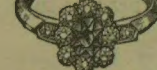
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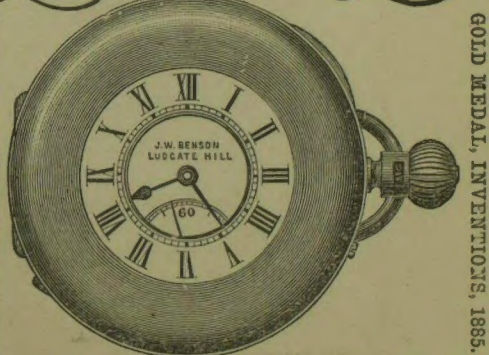


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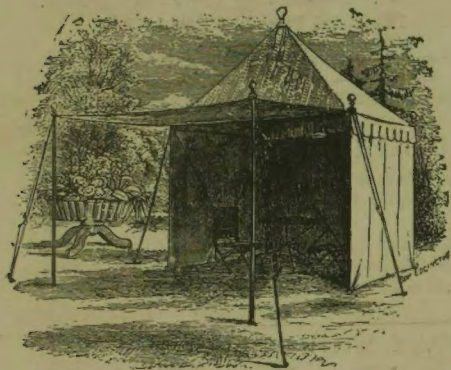
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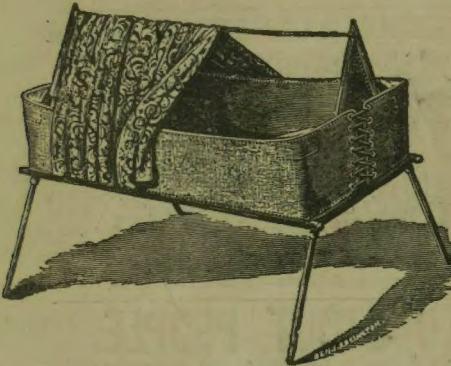
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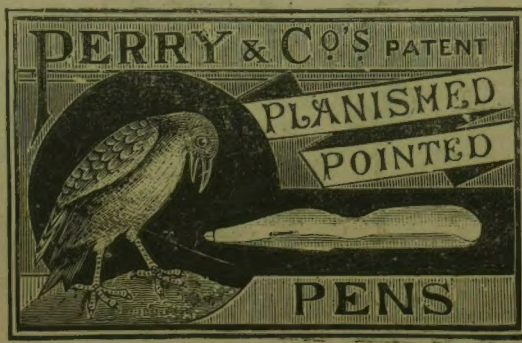
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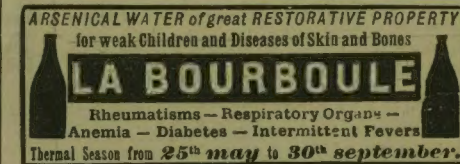


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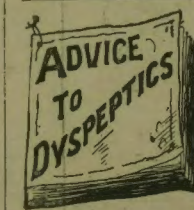
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